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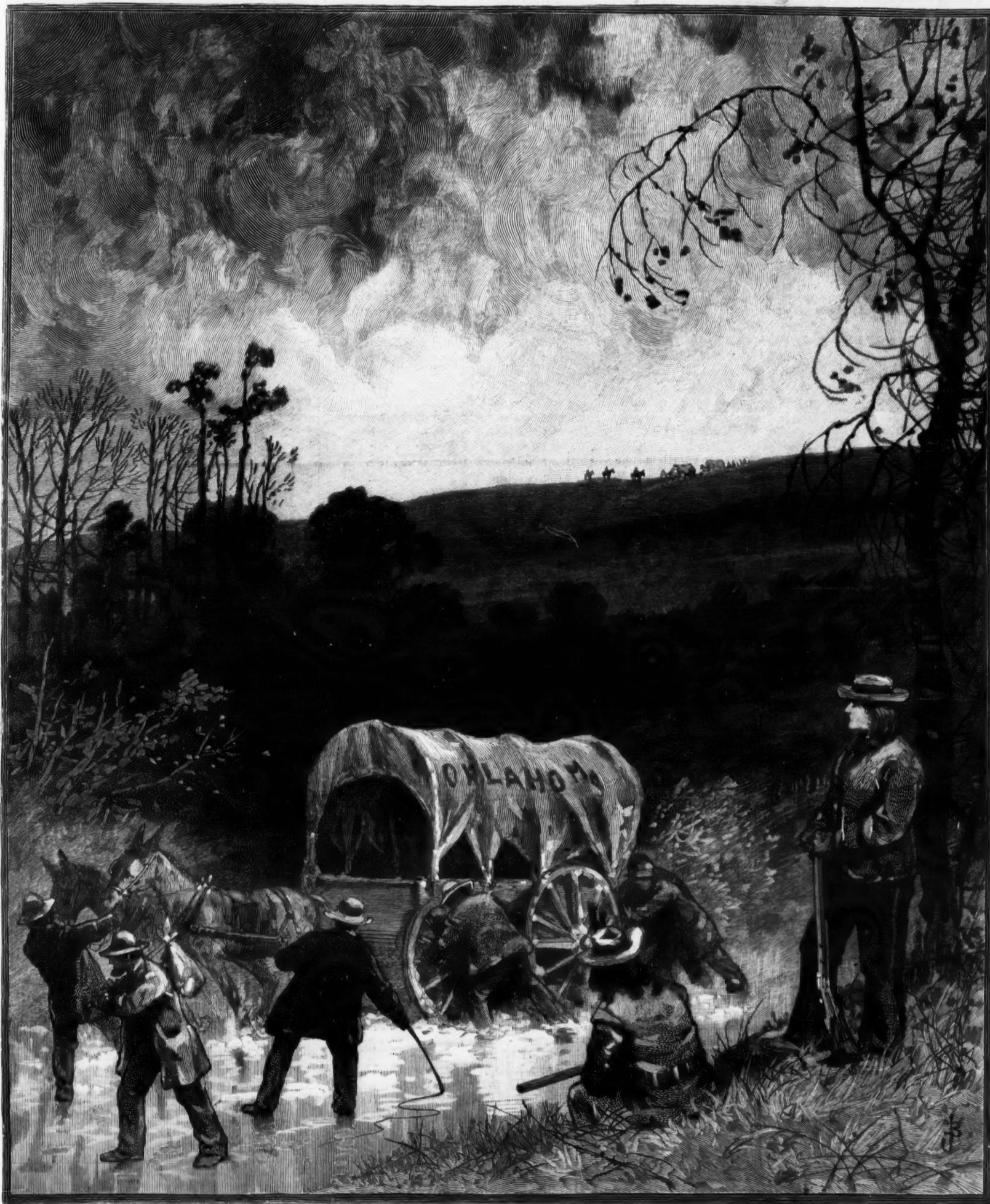
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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OKLAHOMA.—BOOMERS DRIVEN ACROSS THE LINE BY UNITED STATES TROOPS AND INDIAN SCOUTS.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES GERRY.—SEE PAGE 122.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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GENERAL PRYOR ON THE NEW SOUTH.

GENERAL ROGER A. PRYOR was a Member of Congress from Virginia before the war. He was a true representative of Southern feeling as it then existed. While Virginia was hesitating to secede, he declared, in a speech in Charleston, that if the new-formed Confederacy would strike a blow, his State "would secede in less than an hour by Shrewsbury clock." Mr. Blaine in his book, alluding to this incident, remarks that General Pryor's attractive eloquence has since been used to better ends.

Certainly in his recent interview published in the *Herald* he has used his eloquence and his ripened wisdom to much better and much more effective ends. He declares that if President Harrison shall conduct his Administration on the basis of his Inaugural Address, he will break the solid South and attach a very large proportion of the Southern vote to the Republican party. This is a bold statement for a man in General Pryor's position, and with his experience in public affairs North and South. But he supports it by facts and reasoning which must attract wide attention and produce a profound impression. He asserts that the South sees in its manufacturing interests a promise and the potency of a new and most flourishing régime; that to advance these interests the Southern people must become the champions of a protective policy; that all indications of public sentiment there are in the direction of this policy; that they are also in favor of internal improvements and of liberal Federal expenditures; that all the traditions of the Whig party, once so strong in the South, are in harmony with these doctrines; and that the Southern people in a body, irrespective of party, are prepared to co-operate with the Republican party in advancing them, in the interest of the new career of industrial prosperity opening before them.

Then General Pryor, having made these striking assertions as to the real drift of Southern sentiment, points out the sole obstacle which has hitherto restrained its growth and free expression. That obstacle, he says, has been the supreme necessity of maintaining the educated white classes in control of the State Governments, and the constant menace of the ascendancy of the ignorant colored race. He declares that the moment this difficulty is removed the true feelings of the Southern people on these distinctive Republican doctrines will find expression, and the solid South will be broken.

But the full significance of General Pryor's utterance is found in the closing part of the interview, where he makes it plain that, in his view, this obstacle to the expression of real Southern sentiment is already in a large measure removed, and can readily be entirely overcome. He points out with great clearness the forces which have been at work in this direction, and rejoices that they have been so effective. He says: "All that is requisite now, since the disappearance of slavery, to make the American people one homogeneous whole, is that they shall know each other by their acquaintance with the best classes of their respective communities." And he adds that this assimilation is going on apace.

And finally, in order to prove that his patriotic hopes can be realized, he points out how the people of the South, by constitutional methods, can secure the ascendancy of wealth and intelligence in their political affairs, and relieve themselves, even in the States where the colored race predominates, from the menace which has caused them to cling solidly to the Democratic party against their real convictions. Like a true Southerner, he insists that the white man must rule and the negro relapse into his normal relations with him; but he does not hesitate to declare that the South should restrict the suffrage, if necessary, by property and educational tests, and submit to the consequent diminution of power in the Federal Government.

These are startling views to be expressed at the beginning of a new Republican Administration, by a former Representative of Old Virginia and a distinguished Democratic lawyer of New York. It will be interesting to observe how they are received in his old home, and especially in States where the colored race is in a majority. If the Southern press and people shall even temperately discuss them without denouncing him as a traitor, it will show that his assertions are true, and we may look for the fulfillment of his prophecies. In that event, the Administration of President Harrison will complete the work begun by the Republican party under Abraham Lincoln—the solid South will be broken, and, in the words of General Pryor, the American people will become one homogeneous whole.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

THREE is just now a very remarkable movement in the Eastern States in the matter of temperance legislation. New Hampshire has just voted upon and rejected a prohibition amendment provided by a Constitutional Convention, and the Massachusetts Legislature

has voted to submit a similar article to the people of that State. Connecticut's Legislature is preparing to do the same thing, in fulfillment of the pledge of the Republican party, and similar action has already been taken in Pennsylvania. New York has pending a measure of great practical importance in the high-license Bill at Albany, while New Jersey has had a contest which was in some respects the most interesting of all, although there the attempt was to repeal and destroy, rather than create. The Democratic Legislature sought to annul a high-license and local-option law enacted by its Republican predecessor, and the matter is peculiar because public opinion made itself so sensibly felt. The plan was to destroy the statute and re-establish the old easy-going order of things at one blow, but the disclosure of the purpose raised such a storm of popular indignation that party policy compelled more cautious action, and the Democracy have attempted to placate both the liquor interest and the friends of temperance with a half-way measure which really pleases nobody.

The course of temperance legislation has some curious features. Prohibition is essentially a New England idea. Maine first adopted a law of the kind a full generation ago, and Vermont soon followed. New Hampshire long ago enacted such a statute, which, however, has been but feebly enforced; then Western States, largely peopled by New Englanders, tried the method. Michigan's law was a dead letter from first to last. Kansas was the first State to adopt constitutional prohibition, and was followed by Iowa. The amendment in the last-named State, however, failed before the courts, and statutory prohibition was adopted. Nowhere except in Kansas and Rhode Island have constitutional amendments been operative, while in the latter State a repeal movement is already on foot. Even Vermont, which has had prohibitory laws for a longer continuous period than Maine, refused, a few years ago, to adopt a prohibitory constitutional amendment. High license, upon the other hand, hails from the West. It began in Nebraska, in 1882, with a law fixing the fee in large towns at \$1,000, and the practical success there led, in the years immediately succeeding, to the adoption of similar statutes by Illinois, Michigan and Ohio, and more recently by Pennsylvania. The operation of high license—by which is meant a fee of \$100 or more—has uniformly resulted in decreasing the number of saloons, especially those of the lower class, and in other substantial gains for temperance.

Local option has existed in Massachusetts and some other Northern States, but it is in the South that the greatest results have been achieved by it. In Georgia a majority of the counties are under prohibition by laws of this kind, and much has been done in the same way in Kentucky. Nearly all the Southern States have laws which give local option in one form or another. New Jersey began, a year ago, the first notable experiment in combining local option and high license, and the results have certainly been satisfactory. Several counties of the State have adopted prohibition, and the high fees have had the usual effect in driving saloons out of business. These results, however, are all set aside by the Act just passed by the Legislature.

CONGRESSIONAL PAY.

SHALL Senators and members of the Lower House receive \$10,000 a year? This is the question that has been somewhat suddenly sprung upon the country by the resignation of Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, and by the very apt remarks of Senator Platt on the insufficiency of the pay of Senators. The country has responded with apparent unanimity in favor of such an increase, and there is little doubt that if both Houses were in session, a measure to this effect would become the law of the land with only slight opposition.

It is now more than fifteen years since Congress enacted the famous "back-pay salary grab" Bill, which aroused vehement indignation throughout the country, and consigned to political ruin nearly all of its beneficiaries. It was, however, the retroactive feature of this statute which chiefly provoked indignation. But beyond this fact, conditions have vastly changed in the country during this brief interval. Washington has outgrown its village aspect, and has become one of the great and fashionable capitals of the world. Without manufactures or local industries of any kind, and in all aspects simply an official municipality, a central social world has grown up there upon which public attention is constantly concentrated. The result is that the nation's legislators, by the very reason of their office, are put to an expense far exceeding that incurred in former years; more than this, the onerous nature of the duties of a Congressman—his actual or constructive obligations to his constituents—the round of entertainments he must attend, with reciprocal courtesies—the great volume of his correspondence, obliging him often to employ more than one assistant—the uncertainty of the duration of the session, interfering with any fixed personal business that might be a source of profit—considerations like these are indeed conclusive that the American people should not begrudge the sum of \$10,000 a year to a national legislator. The poverty and financial distress of some of our foremost public men have been little less than pitiable. The late Henry Wilson, while Vice-president, was always in the direst straits, and his case was not exceptional.

The question whether a Congressman shall receive

\$10,000 a year or not is a question of justice and fair play. Does he earn that much money by labor, sacrifice of personal interests and devotion to the public weal? Does the altered condition of life at Washington justify such a measure? Would not such an increase tend to place him above the small gratuities heaped upon public officials by railway, telegraph and other corporations? Would not such a sum enhance his self-respect and practically make him an independent factor in the national councils? To all of these questions nearly every thinking citizen must respond affirmatively.

It may be argued that such a salary measure would be the forerunner of a like increase in salaries in all of the important offices of the Government. Very well! A general readjustment in conformity with the spirit of the age is exactly what is demanded. Take, for example, that august tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States—what paltry salaries do these eminent jurists receive, while here in the City of New York we pay our local justices \$15,000 and \$17,500 a year. It is all very well to point to the "distinguished honor" and so forth, but "distinguished honor" does not buy butcher's meat, gowns and furbelows for the children, nor pay the rent of a respectable mansion at the national capital.

Again, it has been said that the Senate is a rich man's club, and that the great body of members of the House are beyond financial need. While this should not influence the question at all, it serves to emphasize the reason why the office of Congressman should be sufficiently well paid to attract the best talent of the country from any and all pursuits. That it should be the fact that none but men of wealth in England can reach the British House of Commons is a national disgrace, and the practice should not be imitated in this country. Hence we say that public justice, public purity, the desirableness of securing the best intellect in the Halls of Congress—all demand that the proposition for the salary increase, so generally approved, should become a law.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

IN a recent address before the New York Society of Medical Jurisprudence, Judge Willard Bartlett, of the Supreme Court of this State, made certain suggestions regarding the supervision of our insane asylums that should be acted upon without delay. They referred to the providing some way of escape for those unfortunate persons who are, from time to time, and for various reasons, incarcerated in those institutions while entirely sane. His proposition was that the Supreme Court should be empowered to appoint every year, in each of the five Judicial Districts into which the State is divided, a qualified expert in insanity, whose duty it should be to personally examine every individual imprisoned as a lunatic in that district, and to report the results of his examination to the courts.

There can be no doubt that such a system would make it more difficult for designing persons to use these institutions as convenient places to which to exile those whom they find it to their interest to get out of the way, and it would seem that it ought to be adopted by common consent. Whatever the facts may be at this particular time, it cannot be denied that, in the past, there have been many cases of unjust incarceration. Within the past year there died in this city a victim to an accident on the elevated railway, a lawyer whose relatives had procured his confinement to the Utica asylum on the ground of insanity. Believing himself to be sane, and the victim of a conspiracy, he succeeded in bringing his case before the courts and in securing his freedom. He then brought an action for damages against the conspirators, one of whom was his own son, and gained a verdict for a very large amount. The relatives took the case to a higher court, and it was still undecided at the time of the father's death. Meanwhile, however, the liberated advocate, who had become convinced that there were many other victims unjustly imprisoned in Utica and elsewhere, devoted himself to securing their release, and, it is understood, with marked success in many instances.

As Judge Bartlett remarks, the fate of a sane person confined for insanity is so horrible, that the State should take every means possible to prevent it. While it is to be hoped he is right in the opinion that there are none such in our asylums to-day, there may be to-morrow, and the day after—as long, in fact, as the greed of gain is more potent than human affection.

THE DURATION OF THE COAL-SUPPLY.

SOME of us were taught as children that the world would finally come to an end by fire, but a magazine story-writer, sometime since, sketched the end of the world as due to intense cold. His cheerful description of the freezing out of the human race appeals to us with especial force, now that scientists have carefully defined the duration of the English coal-fields, and of others elsewhere. Twenty-four years ago, the late Prof. Jevons was roundly abused for predicting that the coal-supply of England would be exhausted in 110 years. Sir William Armstrong had previously calculated that all the coal within 4,000 feet of the surface would be exhausted in 212 years from 1861. Prof. Marshall, of Yorkshire College, confirmed the conclusions of Prof. Jevons in 1878, and showed that a slight difficulty in procuring coal, causing a higher price, would revolutionize English industry and cause the greatest distress. The latest estimate is that of Mr. Price Williams, who has recently presented a paper to the Royal Statistical Society, in which he estimates the duration of the chief English coal-fields at the present and the future rates of consumption. According to this report, the coal in the Eastern Division of South Wales will be exhausted in 46 years, and the coal of Denbighshire and Flintshire in 250 years, these being the two extremes. The computation for the whole United Kingdom is that the coal will last 102 years.

This certainly makes a dismal prospect very apparent. In the first 50 years of the century the increase in consumption was moderate, reaching 52,000,000 tons in 1852. But in 1866 the output was 101,000,000 tons, in 1883 it had reached 160,000,000 tons, and it has since increased at the rate of 1½ per cent. per annum. Mr. Williams's computations agree to a remarkable extent with those of Jevons and Marshall, and they go to show that in 191 years, beginning with 1800, the United Kingdom will be stripped of her most important and essential source of wealth and greatness. When her coal is gone, England will lose her power, and sovereignty will pass

from her hands to those of countries better supplied with this humble but indispensable foundation of empire. Other countries, more richly provided with coal, will rule for a time, but all coal-beds are exhaustible, and therefore all must sooner or later be upon the same footing. In this country, the Reading Railroad Company, which owns or controls one-third of the Pennsylvania anthracite coal-beds, has estimated the duration of its supply at about 150 years. Indeed, a sinking fund has been created to meet the emergency. Very similar estimates can be made regarding other coal-beds in Pennsylvania, Virginia and elsewhere. There are vast beds of soft coal in various parts of the West and South, and possibly our supply may hold out longer than that of other civilized countries, but at best this is a question of perhaps 300 years.

As to the future, nobody can make predictions. Various economies in consumption will only defer the evil day, and despite economies the rate of consumption has steadily increased. Gas, petroleum and shale are only slight and temporary resorts. If nothing else offers, there is no escaping from the conclusion of a recent writer, that population must eventually be reduced to the number who can obtain fuel from the cultivation of trees. Although power can be obtained from falling water and the ocean-tides and converted into heat, this can never be more than a scant and wholly insufficient substitute. All the sources of heat, indeed, which we possess at present are but slight compared with that portion of the sun's radiant energy which is received by the earth. The question of utilizing solar energy has occupied hundreds of scientists and inventors. Ericsson's solar engine has been put to some use, but the extraction of heat from the sun, its storage and application, are things yet to be accomplished. This is really the greatest problem offered to inventors. The man who can render the sun serviceable as a practical source of heat will rescue the world from the misery and destruction of a larger part of the population, which must surely come within a few generations. Light and heat are manifestations of the same thing, and there is plenty of light. Will the inventor of the future be able to turn light into heat, concentrate it, and apply it for use in place of coal? Upon the answer to this question depends the future of civilization, and the actual existence of a considerable portion of the inhabitants of the globe.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

THERE is little room for doubt that the socialists in Germany are increasing in numbers and in thoroughness of organization to a degree that may well alarm the Government. At every succeeding election they come nearer the success at which they aim, and in the national legislature their delegation, led by such men as Bebel, exercise an influence that can no longer be safely ignored. Much of their success is due, no doubt, to the manner in which they are able to circulate their tracts, manifestoes and other economic literature, under the very eyes of the police and in spite of severe prohibitory regulations. It is understood that in this work of dissemination the services of women and children are largely employed. But it is not only in factory and workshop that the task of propaganda is carried on by the energetic socialists. Their leaders have long recognized the fact that, to achieve their ends, influence must be brought to bear upon that all-important factor in German life, the Army, and thus the torrent of socialist publications has been turned into the barracks, and the recruit who joins the ranks from mill or factory becomes an apostle of the creed, instilling on all occasions a contempt for law and a hatred of those in authority. It is to be remarked, however, that the German socialist is not to be confounded with the Parisian anarchist. Where the former is only intent on pulling down, the latter has quite well-defined ideas as to the building up, and has absorbed the writings of Marx and others to such an extent that he is often found to have formulated new theories of his own.

But although more theoretical than his French *confrère*, the German socialist is none the less an object of detestation to Bismarck and the court officials; and while it has been considered politic to relax the rigor of existing statutes, the recent suppression of the *Volks Zeitung* (or "People's Journal"), the chief organ of the socialists of the Empire, may be accepted as a proof that they are still to be held sternly in check. Muzzling the press, however, even when the law is righteously administered, is a dangerous business, and of the two evils of publication and suppression, the future may prove the former to have been, in this case, the least.

THE COMING EXODUS TO EUROPE.

MUCH talk has been heard on the street this year of "tightness in the money market" and "hard times." The steam-ship man, with a smile in his eye, has sawed wood and said nothing. He has spent, during the Winter just shivering into oblivion, thousands and thousands of dollars upon the vast floating hotels which defy old Neptune himself to dare to come aboard—and pay their prices. All the year round there is always to be found some young man whose sweetheart has denied him the right to look into her sweet eyes, and who is rushing abroad to find a mental paretic; always some girl whose mother believes that a mile in time is worth all she is asked to pay, compared with an undesirable son-in-law; always some slim-pursed foreigner returning successful or unsuccessful from a search for an American treasure. At any time these may be found, but with the 1st of June a different kind of travel begins. Then comes the annual rush that puts to shame the maddest kind of a scramble toward any other point—even heaven.

This year, the weather-wise steam-ship man who has heard the hard-times grumble says, with a smile, the exodus will begin even earlier than usual. He puts his finger on the calendar half way betwixt May and June and says, "Let them go, then," and they are going. With the first to go will be the maids and mothers anxious to shine in the glories of a London season; then will follow the more sober families, seeking abroad a season of their own, making gay or grave as they may choose to make it. In July go the teachers and the ministers; and last, but not least, the good folk who scamper across and scuttle about and skedaddle back home in the twinkling of an eye, simply that they may prate to less fortunate ones of their "Summer abroad"! The Paris Exposition and its rival entertainment, the Sunday-school Convention in London, are helping in all this rush, and many will be the man and the woman to humble haughty pride and buy an excursion ticket. And why not? Surely if the steam-ship people can afford to sell at reduced rates, who is to jeer at the advantage taken by an economist? Goodness knows, the money that is charged for the "table" on one of these floating miseries is just so much wrested from the majority of us poor sea-sick wretches. Where, then, is the harm of innocently concluding that the reduction means at least a lovely Paris bonnet in the newest shade of green, an umbrella with a carved ivory handle, or an English rug and a fore-and-aft traveling-cap that shall be an everlasting stamp of travel and culture?

Oh, this world is full of guile, and for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen is not alone peculiar. The

American society man or woman is as gay and as gorgeous a creature as flies, but he is not above talking poverty in Wall Street and riches abroad. And that is what the steam-ship man means when he says that not only will the annual exodus begin some weeks in advance this year, but that it will exceed by thousands the number of any previous year. And what he says, the tax-gatherer and the ice-man echo with sighs and lamentations.

SALISBURY MEANS TO HOLD ON.

UNDER the Septennial Act it is possible for a British Prime Minister to hold office for seven years, in spite of any number of proofs that he and his administration and policy have lost the confidence and approval of the people. Apparently this is what Lord Salisbury has resolved to do. In a speech a few days ago he declared that "nothing short of a vote of want of confidence will bring the Government to a premature end," and that "those who think otherwise are amusing themselves with vain dreams." What is meant is a vote of want of confidence carried in the House of Commons. His lordship knows that this is practically impossible. Such a vote could be carried only by the help of the Liberal Unionists—that is, the Liberals who follow Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. It is by the support of these men that the Tories hold office. The Tory members, properly so called, number altogether 314. This deducted from 670, the total membership of the House, leaves 356 as the nominal Liberal and Irish Home Rule strength. But the trouble is, that of the Liberals there are 70 or 80 calling themselves Unionists who are opposed to the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone, and who always vote Tory to keep him out of power. Depending upon these, Lord Salisbury is able to set popular opinion at defiance. He knows that the Unionists dare not desert him, for if they did there should necessarily be a dissolution of Parliament and a general election, which would mean their political extinction. They sit in Parliament for Liberal constituencies which, beyond doubt, will, on the first opportunity, punish them for their violation of pledges to party fealty. Lord Salisbury is, however, determined to save them and himself as long as possible. Notwithstanding such manifestations of public feeling as the recent Kennington election, he will, if he can, keep the present Parliament in existence until 1893, when the statutory term of its life expires. It is, of course, possible that long before that time something may occur to break the alliance of the Tories and the Unionists, but it may be doubted whether it is probable. For mutual safety they are bound to stand together, and they will not be much troubled by considerations of political morality. The conscience of the average Tory is not disturbed by the knowledge that he holds a representative office against the wishes of the electoral body. Tory political ethics are molded on the Rob Roy principle that "they may take who have the power, and they may keep who can."

It turns out that the German pretension that England was in sympathy with Bismarck's policy in Samoa was altogether unfounded. A Blue Book, just published, shows that England has been throughout in cordial accord with America, and that she declined to accede to Germany's request for assistance and co-operation in the restoring of order in Samoa until she had learned the American Government's views on the subject. As late as January last Lord Salisbury formally protested against Prince Bismarck's statement in the Reichstag that in Samoa "Germany and England were acting hand in hand." This disclosure of Lord Salisbury's real position is of special importance, in view of the early meeting of another Samoan Conference. If England shall act with the United States in that conference, the withdrawal of Germany from Samoa will inevitably follow, with a probable abandonment of the colonial policy of which the intrusion into the affairs of that island was the initial step.

THE sudden breaking down of our most popular American actress through nervous prostration emphasizes a lesson as to the care of the health that cannot be too often inculcated. Miss Anderson, if current reports are to be credited, has been endeavoring to "burn the candle at both ends." While engaged, during the past season, in a dual personation more than ordinarily difficult, she has failed to allow herself the time needed for recuperation, and the inevitable result has followed. There is probably no surer way than this of undermining the health and constitution. Late hours and exhausting labors may be indulged in for a time with impunity, but unless the succeeding days are largely given up to rest, collapse will certainly ensue. Nor is the actor's career an exceptionally unhealthy one. The number of "veterans" who "lag superfluous" on the stage are living illustrations of the fact that if the art of acting does not actually tend to foster longevity, it cannot be said to shorten the average duration of human life.

THE inimitable George Francis Train has been feeling obliged to publicly apologize for our dear forefathers and progenitors generally because in framing the Constitution, after solemnly deciding not to mention the name of God, they put at its close "Anno Domini." Now poor old Jefferson Davis has been dragged from his comfort to deny that the Government of the Confederacy had meditated a union of the Church and State. This he does, saying that the Constitution of the Confederacy differed from that of the United States by having in its preamble a recognition of the Supreme Being, and invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God; but it also said, in the First Article, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." All this must, of course, be true; but where is the need of discussion? Jefferson Davis must be tired now. He is an old man. He fought his fight. He lost. He has taken up the rôle of the vanquished, and is playing it through to the end with dignity and in silence. Why not let him alone?

THE debate in the Canadian Parliament on the 19th of March on the Budget took, as debates are apt to take, a wide range. There was an irreconcilable difference of opinion between the Conservatives and the Liberals on Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution in favor of closer trade relations with the United States, and the orators on both sides were a little too emphatic in their assertions. Mr. Cockburn was very hard on New York State, where about three-quarters of the farms were mortgaged and land values had declined \$270,000,000 in the ten years from 1870 to 1880. The alleged aristocracy of America, he said, lived only for "boodle," and all that the Americans wanted was to get the trade of Canada and give nothing in return. The very unkind allusion to the famous Four Hundred of New York society may, perhaps, be forgiven by the rest of us, but Mr. Cockburn really owes it to his countrymen and to his reputation for sanity to explain what kind of a trade that is between civilized nations which gives all to one side and nothing to the other. Even the noble savage is apt to get what he holds to be an equivalent in his transactions with the white man. It may be,

as Mr. Cockburn declares, that commercial union with the United States means political union; and if it does, and that is the will of the Canadians, how does he propose to prevent it? There can be no union unless the people of Canada, first, and the Americans, in the second place, are willing, and then the union will come. It may be a long time before this happens, and there is no good reason for fretting over it in advance. It will neither be hastened nor retarded by rhetoric, and the dispassionate observer cannot help remarking that, while the advantages of commercial and postal and other unions for facilitating the relations of men are making themselves more and more distinctly felt with every year, there is no sign whatever of a weakening in the sentiment of individuality in any one nation.

THE good fortune which has attended the growth of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, raising it with unexampled rapidity to the head of all the collections on this side of the Atlantic, and to an honorable rank among the great galleries of the world, still continues. It has, indeed, become quite a matter of course, whenever notable sale is announced in New York, for an expectant press and public to fix upon certain of the chief pictures which "the Museum ought to have," and to speculate upon the probabilities of that favored institution's finally getting them. Thanks to the generous interest aroused amongst men of wealth, taste and public spirit, these expectations are not infrequently realized. The latest example is the presentation to the Art Museum, by Mr. Erwin Davis, of three of the most notable pictures of his collection, which was sold at Chickering Hall last week. These are Bastien Lepage's "Joan of Arc," and the two well-known works of Manet, the "Boy with a Sword" and "Feeding the Parrot." They were purchased at the sale by Mr. Davis's agent, at the respective figures of \$23,400, \$6,700 and \$1,350—prices which can hardly be considered as inflated, when we remember what certain pictures brought at the Morgan and the Stewart sales. In any case, it is a windfall for the Museum, which acquires in this gift three—or at least two—typical and unique examples of modern French art, which the Luxembourg might covet.

REFERRING to the mention of Mr. Whitelaw Reid's name for the post of Minister to England, a contemporary suggests that "Mr. Reid's management of the *Tribune* would inevitably result in political trouble should he be Minister to England," the idea being that "the Government of the United States would in a measure be made responsible for the *Tribune's* Irish editorials." We are unable to see that there is any force in these views. We should hope, and we believe, that every American worthy of the name holds the opinions on the Irish question which Mr. Reid has from time to time presented in the editorial columns of his paper, and that most Americans of any prominence, not excluding the President himself, have in one form or another given expression to such opinions. It would be hard to select an American suitable for any mission who has not declared his approval of the good cause of which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell are the champions. And would it be any very great impropriety or violation of international amenities even if our Government were "in a measure made responsible" for sympathy with that cause? We hardly think so. In the past, American Governments and people have not shown unwillingness to be recognized as sympathizers with nationalities struggling for freedom. We do not intend these remarks as a criticism of the appointment of Mr. Reid to France instead of to England. We merely say that there is nothing in the objections we have quoted.

THE Pope's letter to the Canadian bishops will attract attention because it tacitly reaffirms his claims to temporal power. It was in reply to a letter indorsing the protests which the Pope has repeatedly made in reference to his temporal sovereignty. The Pope hopes that the union of feeling among the faithful "will be able to influence the minds of a good number of those who have fled to the camp of the enemy, or who adhere to it by carelessness or willful ignorance." The sovereign Pontiff has probably no more faithful subjects than the French-Canadians, and in the Province of Quebec the temporal power of the Church is fully realized. The progress of Roman Catholicism in Canada is a subject of peculiar interest, and one of great moment to us, considering the contiguity of the countries and the prospect of annexation. The utmost freedom is conceded to those of different religious views by all fair-minded Americans, but the American idea does not permit any union of Church and State. The conditions prevailing at present in the Province of Quebec could not be tolerated under our Government. The Pope's renewed claims to temporal power are claims which the Constitution of the United States forbids Americans to entertain. The remarkably cordial reception given to the American pilgrims at Rome, and the speeches at the banquet, show that the Pope regards America as a most promising field. The presentation of his portrait to the new Roman Catholic Washington University is not devoid of significance. The pilgrims will bring back an increased loyalty, but it cannot be said too often that the Pope can gain no temporal power in our Republic.

THE plain speaking done by Judge Cooley, of the Interstate Railway Commission, may be unpalatable to railway men, but it does the public a great deal of good. At the recent trunk-line conference, Judge Cooley heard the usual disclaimers, protestations and excuses of various railway officers, and then spoke his mind.

"Here is the law," he said, "and it is not for you hereafter to say to us that there are practical obstacles in the way of complying with it, that you would lose business by so doing, and all that sort of thing. We are not concerned with that. We do not wish to do anything to make you lose business, but at the same time we cannot accept it as a valid excuse that if you obey the law you will thereby lose business. The time ought to be regarded as gone by when a railway manager can come to us and say, 'I named the rate, and I did it regardless of law, because my competitor had done the same thing.' There is no excuse for that practice. . . . It ought to be just as discreditable to violate a criminal law which affects railway managers, in order to make money for their roads, as it is to violate criminal law in the appropriation of private property."

This language will commend itself to the people because it is the language of common sense. Nothing could be more absurd or audacious than the attempt of railway managers to excuse infractions of the law on the plea that competitors had done the same thing. Yet this sort of argument has been repeatedly advanced to excuse a war of rates which might have been averted had the first offender been reported and punishment insisted upon. But the railways have gained a habit of regarding themselves as the strongest power. They have come to look upon their own exigencies and prosperity as more important than the law. It need not be said that the rights of investors in railroad property are to be regarded as carefully as any rights of property, but railway managers sometimes forget the stockholders as well as the law. It cannot be too often emphasized that railway corporations are the creatures of the law, and that they have no special and peculiar rights which are above the law.

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 122



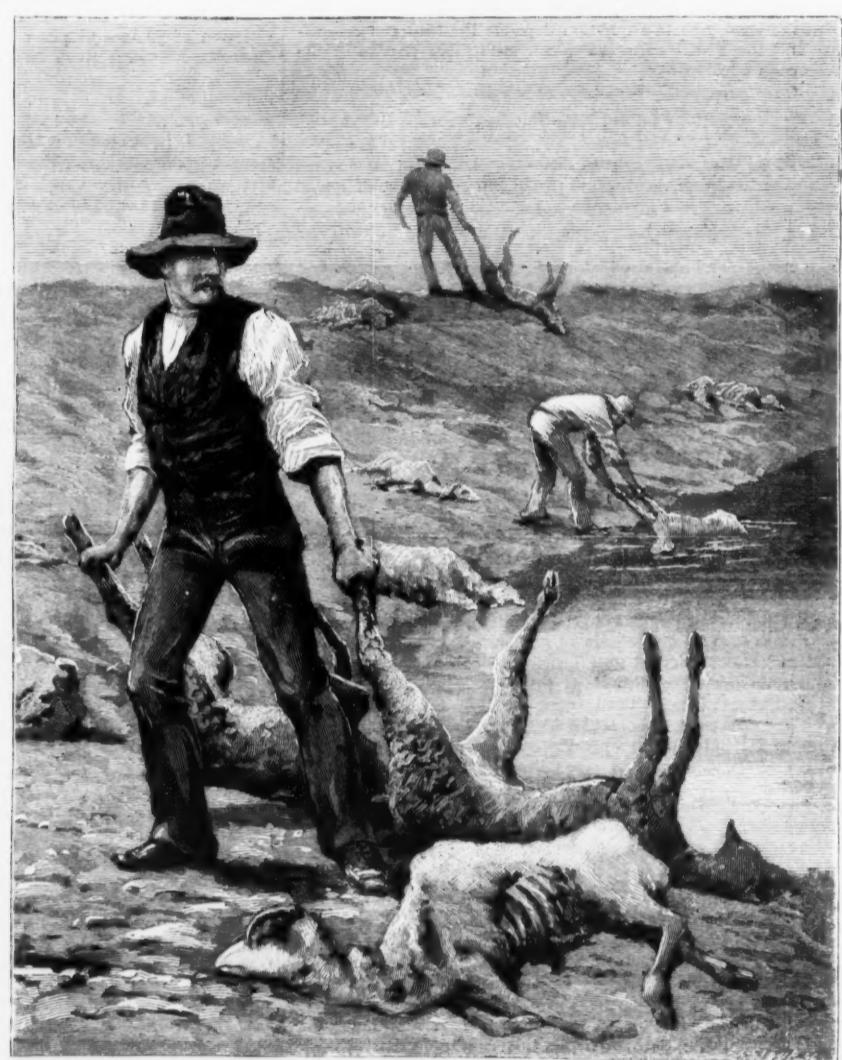
GERMANY.—FRAULEIN JOHANNA LOISINGER, MARRIED TO PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTEMBERG.



ENGLAND.—MESSRS. LABOUCHÈRE AND G. A. SALA RECEIVING THE CONFESSION OF THE FORGER PIGOTT.



FRANCE.—THE GOVERNMENT'S ATTACK ON THE PATRIOTIC LEAGUE—OPENING A SAFE IN SEARCH OF SEDITION DOCUMENTS.



AUSTRALIA.—EFFECTS OF THE DROUGHT IN NEW SOUTH WALES.



FRANCE.—WRECK OF A TORPEDO-BOAT, IN THE BAY OF ST. NAZARE.

COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT,
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

THE President has done wisely in sending Colonel Frederick D. Grant as United States Minister to Austria-Hungary instead of China, to which country some of his friends desired to have him accredited. The nature of our relations with China makes it necessary that our representative at that court, who will probably be called upon to conduct difficult and delicate negotiations, should possess a high order of diplomatic skill, and to this Colonel Grant does not pretend to lay any claim. The duties required of him at Vienna, however, require no exceptional fitness, and he will no doubt discharge them with credit to all concerned.

Frederick D. Grant is the eldest son of the late General U. S. Grant, and was born May 30th, 1850. During the Civil War he accompanied his illustrious father through the greater part of his campaigns, and before he was thirteen years of age had been present in five great battles. In 1867 he entered the United States Military Academy and, having graduated four years later, was assigned to the Fourth Cavalry. During the Summer of 1871 he was employed on the Union Pacific and Colorado Central Railroads



INDIANA.—HON. JOHN C. NEW, UNITED STATES CONSUL GENERAL TO LONDON.
PHOTO. BY MARCEAU & POWER.

as an engineer. Late in the year 1871 he visited Europe with General Sherman, and in 1872 was detailed to command the escort to the party that was making the preliminary survey for the Southern Pacific Railroad. In 1873 he was assigned to the staff of General Sheridan as Lieutenant-colonel, in which capacity he served eight years. While in the service he married Miss Ida Honoré, daughter of an old citizen of Chicago, and has two children, a boy and girl. He was with his father in the Oriental part of the journey round the world, and in 1881 resigned his commission. In 1887 Colonel Grant was the Republican candidate for Secretary of State of New York, but was defeated by Frederick Cook, the Democratic candidate.

of Vernon, Ind., where he was born in July, 1831. He was graduated at Bethany College, in Virginia, in 1851, and commenced the study of law in Indianapolis, but was diverted from that pursuit by receiving an appointment as Deputy Clerk of Marion County. Four years later he became Clerk, and held that position for five years, when Governor Morton appointed him Quartermaster-general of Indiana. His next public position was a seat in the State Senate. In 1875 President Grant appointed him Treasurer of the United States, a position which he held until June, 1876. In May, 1880, he purchased the Indianapolis *Journal*, and the same year he became Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and figured at the Chicago Convention as a champion of Grant and the third term, despite the fact that the Indiana delegation stood 28 to 2 against Grant's renomination. In February, 1882, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury by President Arthur. He resigned in January, 1884, and since then has devoted his attention chiefly to the management of his newspaper. Mr. New has represented Indiana on the Republican National Committee since the Presidential campaign of 1880. He was the leading advocate of Gen'l Harrison's nomination at Chicago last year, and has maintained close relations with the President ever since his election. It is



MAINE.—HON. WILLIAM W. THOMAS, JR., UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SWEDEN AND NORWAY.
PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 122.

NEW YORK.—COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.
PHOTO. BY FALE.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CONGRESS OF WOMEN AT MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, MARCH 19TH-21ST—THE DELEGATES APPLAUDING THE REPORT OF MISS NOBLES, OF NEW ORLEANS.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 123.

understood that he could have had a high diplomatic appointment, but preferred one where, as he phrased it, he "would not have to live in a swallow-tail coat."

REFLECTIONS.

STANDING before the looking-glass,
Combing out my tangled hair,
I spoke thus to the image
I saw reflected there:

"What are you going to do with your life?
To-morrow you'll be twenty-two,
And perhaps you'll live as many years more:
Say, what are you going to do?"

"Maybe I'll spend it in selfish regret,
For a past that I thought had died—
And memories may come, and I will fret
For a love that to me was denied."

The reflected image looked very sad,
As to me these words it said.
To see its misery I was glad—
Glad to know that its heart had bled.

Then, thinking it needed some sort of reply,
And not knowing what else to say,
I haughtily said: "Just let the past die;
You'll be glad you did, some day!"

With a firm, proud glance it looked at me,
As if 'twas no longer at strife,
And said, with a laugh of hearty glee,
"What will you do with your life?"

The tables had taken a sudden turn,
The reflection had played me a trick;
I felt the blood in my cheeks burn,
And fell back with movement quick.

Then giving my hair a twist and a jerk,
And pulling out one that was gray,
I leave the mirror and go to my work;
What I'll do with my life I dare not say.

LEPHIA BRYANT.

MR. JENKS'S BEAR.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

We were stretched before a small but energetic camp-fire of *chaparro* on the bank of the *Aqua Azul*, in Western New Mexico. "We" means Hank and I—particularly Hank. I was simply an accident there; but Hank, a fixture. A Harvard man of restless tendencies, he had drifted pretty well over the globe since graduation, and had at last worked himself up to the proud position of cowboy on the A L C Ranch, a place in which he seemed perfectly at home, as, indeed, he did everywhere. Hank had changed considerably since I saw him in Cambridge. His face was darker and his eye clearer than even in the days when he was stroke of the senior crew. He still retained remnants of the semi-classic college slang; and around it had accreted a wonderful conglomeration of the breezy idiom of the frontier. His speech was, like Joseph's garment, of many colors, but not without a charm of force, and frequently of elegance.

Riding down through Zuñi Cañon the day before, from a trip to photograph Inscription Rock, I had run up against Hank, and my hand—albeit not a tender one—was still sore from the shaking it had received then and there. We had been together ever since, talking over old times and new ones; and conversational material was running a little short after two days of steady talking.

"Wonder what Van Bray and some of those other dudes would say if they saw you out here, Hank?" I remarked, in an interval between yawns—which were excusable after a fifty-mile ride, and the extrication of four steers from the marsh in which they had "bogged down."

"Faint, I reckon," answered Hank. "I'd like to have 'em out here for awhile. We'd 'buffalo' them as bad as we did a dude herd last Fall." And he chuckled a little at some obviously pleasant recollection.

"Well, wake up and tell me about it," said I.

Hank pulled out a piece of corn-husk, dropped a pinch of granulated tobacco upon it, and directly evolved a cigarette, which he lighted with a coal.

"About that dude? Well, it was a circus. I've seen plenty of fun with fool tenderfeet, but he was the bird of all. The name of the young gentleman was Jenks. I don't know that the rarity of his nomenclature had anything to do with the rarity of his mental atmosphere, but the latter was certainly Pikespeakian. The newly appointed manager of an Eastern cattle company—why in the name of the pestiferous pop do these Eastern capitalists always send dudes to manage their affairs out here?—he blew in among us one day, clothed upon with a pigeon-wing coat, trousers of cuticular immediateness, fair-leather shoes, yellow kid gloves, and a sombrero so broad-brimmed that the youngest cowpuncher in the outfit would have been ashamed to be found dead with it. Mr. Jenks had to keep three or four newspapers folded under the sweat-band to save the measly thing from blowing away alone; thus relieving us of the fear that we might have to lend him a less picturesque hat, and substituting the pleasanter anticipation of seeing that sombrero gently wafted down upon one of our New Mexican zephyrs, with Mr. Jenks dangling airily in its wake. Unfortunately, however, those blonde shoes always succeeded in holding him down.

"He was surprised and pained to find no horse-cars running from the railroad to the ranch; but having covered that forty miles sitting on a sack of corn in the bottom of a Studebaker wagon, he was glad enough to get there alive, and was too thoroughly exhausted to kick at the two-roomfulness of our 'mud hut' till next day. After that, though, his tongue caught the combination again, and kept working it till it made our tired heads ache. 'Aw, things ah so difwent in the East, don't chew know—that's the way he talked—'why, theah we wouldn't put a hog in such a mis-

ewable hut as this.' One of the Mexican punchers remarked, *sotto voce*, that we wouldn't, either, if we could help it. We couldn't perceive anything in the way of blue-bottles perched on that 'dobe house of ours; but Mr. Jenks seemed to find it fairly fly-blown. I can't begin to chronicle all his injurious remarks, for they were more numerous than a pitching bronco, and quite as gratifying. The only good thing he found among us was our 'leather twosehs,' as he called our *chaparros*, which were 'so beastly womantic, ye know.' And even these, he thought, should be equipped with seats. The bay-window of blue overall in the rear displeased his aesthetic eye; and it was his exuberance of criticism on this tender point which finally inspired the Kid to insert a small memento of buck-horn cactus in the most prominent portion of Mr. Jenks's own stern necessities, and a live rattlesnake in Mr. Jenks's high-laced shoe, one fine night—a witticism which caused the victim to embark for the railroad next day. But I anticipate.

"Mr. Jenks shared our *frijoles* and *chile con carne* with some internal misgivings and many audible groans. The latter dish he at first took to be stewed tomatoes, and had ingested a holy dose before he discovered it to be pure red pepper of the most venomous disposition. It took two hours to convince him that it was not a masked battery of Rough on Rats. Starvation finally reconciled him, however, to *chile*, as did fatigue to our pine bunks. But nothing could induce him to a divorce, or even temporary separation, from those yellow kid gloves. He walked in them, ate in them, slept in them."

"Come now, Hank," I interrupted, "go a little slow on that. I was educated on a newspaper, and I hate a fabricator. That kid-glove business is a little too much."

"Dead sober truth," replied Hank. "If it isn't I hope to never see the back of my neck! He said it was to keep his hands from getting sunburnt, and the boys advised him to wear cots on his teeth, too—for which friendly suggestion he took gory vengeance by publishing all our names in his country paper back East, and calling us a lot of savages. We didn't learn of this, however, till too late to be of practical benefit.

"Mr. Jenks arrived among us seized of a wild and woolly desire to become a Ba-ad Man (limited). His hard-earned Bwitishness, of course, he could not give up; but a nice, New Mexico cowboy frill upon his English suit would make him a marked man among the dudes at home. He aspired, therefore, to sling the sassy lariat, beard the untamed bronco in its lair, and rival Billy Martin with the pistol. His first attempt to rope a highly pacific tying-post only unshinned his own head, and nearly ruined the architecture of that cherished hat. A thirty-year-old horse, ambitious as a mummy, landed him on his skull in a somewhat odorous pool—which quite finished the hat, and came very near finishing Mr. Jenks. With these set-backs, the two first-named ambitions oozed out of him; but marksmanship was more persistently wooed. It is of record that at the end of the second week he had achieved three holes in a tomato-can set on a rock ten feet from the door, and had crippled but one horse—which we all thought encouraging.

"Knowing this to be a desperate region, Mr. Jenks had come fully healed. He had procured his tailor to erect two hip-pockets on the dome of those English trousers, and in each of these he carried a beautifully nickel-plated, pearl-handled pistolette of .22 denomination. The muzzles of these very dangerous weapons slipped into the chambers of one of our 'guns' as slick as cartridges. Mr. Jenks, however, was proud of his armament, and got his nose fearfully out of joint when Cuate—one of the Mexican punchers—tried to buy them to give to his girl for ear-rings. As Cuate has a territorial reputation, however, and shoots the heads off of chickens as he gallops past, Mr. Jenks wisely held his horses, and let the insult rankle exclusively in his own breast—if such a thing existed in the two inches between his shirt-front and the back of his coat.

"By a coincidence, Mr. Jenks struck the Territory in the time of the Fall shearing. Our roundup was over, and as we had nothing particular to do we went to see Amado Chaves—a deneed good fellow, if he is a sheep-man—and took Jenks along with us to the shearing at San Miguel. We had to halt several times on the road to pick him up, and replace him on the gentle old mule he had substituted for any further equine risks.

"Here Mr. Jenks's intermittent intellect grew inflamed over the report that two of the shepherds had seen a bear that afternoon, and he forthwith anointed his artillery with hair-oil and with great care. Seeing the which, Cuate and the Kid erected a perpendicular job on him, to wit: Taking Borracho, the biggest sheep-dog, they swathed him in a buffalo-robe secretly; and in the dead hour of night, taking the dog out among the cedars, they raised a yell of 'Bear! Bear!' In three seconds Mr. Jenks was abroad, an animated flag of truce as to his apparel, but in heart thirsting for gore. In each hand he clinched one of his mosquito guns, which kept sputtering at every jump. It sounded like an old-fashioned corn-popping.

"At this opportune juncture the Kid, hidden in the bushes, let go his hold of Borracho's ear, and gave that buffalo-robed canine a savage kick. Poor Borracho fled down the cañon with terrific howlings, and Mr. Jenks sailed four feet into the air, shrieking, 'Bah Jove! I hit him! I hit him!' and rushed into the house to fill his pill-boxes with fourteen more homoeopathic pellets. Further sleep that night was out of the question. Mr. Jenks was on a rampage up and down the cañon looking for the carcass of his bear. The possibility that the bear might not have succumbed to his ponderous missiles never entered his head. As for the rest of us, we were too interested to sleep. Meantime the Kid had caught and pacified Borracho and removed his stage-toggery. Along toward sun-up

Mr. Jenks limped into the house and fell exhausted upon his bunk. Then Cuate sallied forth, killed a sheep in the corral and caught its blood in a bucket. The Kid took the bucket and a ten-mile tramp up the mountain, scattering clotted gore with prodigality, and pausing, whenever he came to a muddy place, to make bear-tracks with his bare palm.

"At ten o'clock in the morning Mr. Jenks awoke, and having insinuated himself into his reluctant outer garments—forgotten in the night's mad chase—and without waiting for breakfast, he ambled out with a cocked poplet in either gloved fist. Of course he couldn't have found the 'trail' if there had been sign-boards at every rod; but Cuate and the Kid volunteered to go with him—a kindness for which he was ready to condone their past irreverence. Late that evening the trailing-party returned. Mr. Jenks was wild with excitement, though nearly dead with fatigue. His blonde shoes were cut to pieces on the sharp rocks, his kids were actually soaked with 'pehspiwation,' and his face was a war-map of scratches. The boys had been careful to let every available twig snap back against his frontispiece. But weary and wounded as he was, he couldn't sleep, and for hours piped 'bah Joves' and fought his battles over. 'Dead? Of course he's dead! We found more'n a bushel of blood, ye know. Won't my relatives be pawalyzed when they know that I killed a gwizzly beah bigger'n a cow?'

"As luck would have it, one of the shepherds on the other side of the *mesa* did run across a bear that day, and translated it with his venerable Spencer. Having skinned the carcass and hidden the hide safely, he came over to the camp in the middle of the night to tell us about it. This was fairly providential. Mr. Jenks was notified next morning, and gave the guileless flock-propeller a five-dollar bill to pilot him to the fatal spot. It was another ten-mile tramp, and when Mr. Jenks got there and found that 'some beastly cad, don't ye know,' had gone and skinned his bear, it was a little too much for endurance. We saw a small blue cloud hanging over the *mesa* that noon, and guessed the reason. It was Mr. Jenks's first and last bear. A few days later came the snake episode, which reft him from our midst.

"Ever hear of him again? Yes, indirectly. Some time afterward a friend of mine in the East sent me a marked copy of the *Cohoes Clarion*. I think I have the paragraph somewhere."

Hank fished out a worn sheep-skin wallet and handed me from it a tattered clipping. It read thus:

"Our esteemed fellow-townsman, Mr. St. Claire Fitz - Clarence Jenks, whose intrepid career as manager of the Rio Tonto Cattle Company among the murderous cowboys of New Mexico has excited the unbounded admiration of the *Clarion's* numerous readers, tells, in graphic style, in this issue, of the heroic manner in which, single-handed and alone, he attacked and slew a gigantic bear. We regret exceedingly that some unprincipled vandal stole the skin from Mr. Jenks. Co-hoos feels justly proud of her distinguished son."

"How much of your story's true, Hank?" I asked.

"Every word of it—true as gospel," said he, laying his saddle down for a pillow and unrolling his blankets. "If you think I'm prevaricating, just publish that once in your old paper and send it to Jenks, and see if you don't get a high old libel suit on your hands?"

HON. WILLIAM W. THOMAS, JR.,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

WILLIAM WIDGERY THOMAS, JR., of Maine, comes of old New England stock, being a direct descendant in the ninth generation of George Cleeve, who founded the City of Portland in 1632. Mr. Thomas graduated at Bowdoin College in 1860 with the highest honors, "Tom" Reed being one of his classmates. After graduation he commenced the study of law, but was soon sent abroad by President Lincoln, and was successively Vice Consul-general at Constantinople, Consul at Galatz, and Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden. His administration of these consular offices was such that Secretary William H. Seward conveyed to him the "special thanks of the Department of State." While at Gothenburg he made himself master of the Swedish language, and translated from that tongue "The Last Athenean," an historical novel of great interest, which was in 1869 given to the American public by a Philadelphia publisher. For this translation Mr. Thomas received the thanks of the King of Sweden.

Soon after his return from Sweden he was admitted to the Bar, and entered upon the active practice of law in his native city. He was, however, called from his profession by the State of Maine, which desired to attract Swedish immigration within its borders, and in 1870 he sailed to Sweden and recruited a colony of fifty persons, with whom he founded the settlement of New Sweden. This colony has now grown to nearly 2,000, and is the only successful agricultural colony founded with foreigners in New England since the Revolution. Mr. Thomas has been a member of the Maine House of Representatives for three sessions, during two of which he was Speaker. He has also been a member of the Maine Senate. In 1883 he was appointed by President Arthur Minister to Sweden and Norway. He was the first Minister of any Power to address the King of Sweden, in an official speech, in the Swedish language; the first Minister to hoist his country's flag at Stockholm; and the first to actively and successfully assist in establishing a line of steamers between Sweden and the United States. He is *persona grata* at the Swedish Court and among the Swedish people. It is of him that the King publicly said: "I esteem it an honor that the President of the United States has sent to my court an American who speaks the language of my country;" and on his recall the Swedish newspapers declared, "He will be missed by all, from the King to the peasant." Mr. Thomas is equally esteemed and beloved by the Swedes in America, who selected him as their orator at the celebration at Minneapolis, in September last, of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the first Swedish colony in America. The new Minister is also well known to the American public as an interesting writer upon the Northland.

Mr. Thomas is connected with Sweden by marriage. His wife is a young, beautiful and accomplished lady of the Swedish Court, the daughter of a Swedish Senator. Her return, as well as that of her husband, the new Minister, will be warmly welcomed at the Swedish capital.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

PRINCE ALEXANDER'S BRIDE.

We give on page 120 a portrait of the bride of Prince Alexander of Battenburg, who, finding himself unable to secure the hand of the Princess Victoria, has taken to himself Fräulein Johanna Loisinger, a pretty and talented operatic singer, attached to the Darmstadt Court Theatre. This lady is a Hungarian, and was born of humble parents on April 18th, 1865, at Presburg. As she early displayed much musical talent, Fräulein Loisinger was carefully trained for the musical profession, and studied at Prague, where she lived for two years, occasionally singing at concerts. Her rich and captivating voice, her beautiful face and her blameless life soon made her a general favorite, and although disinclined to enter upon a theatrical career, she yielded to her mother's wishes, and in 1885 made her *début* at Troppau, in Silesia. She next appeared at Linz, where she played with much success as *Zerlina* in "Don Juan," and *Eva* in the "Meistersinger." Thence she went to Leipzig, and finally to Darmstadt, where she was permanently engaged at the Court Theatre. The Prince and his bride will henceforward bear the title of the Count and Countess von Hartenau, and will live either in Italy or Austria. A Paris dispatch that the Public Prosecutor intends to apply for annulment of the marriage, on the ground that the Prince induced the Mayor of Mentone to perform the ceremony by fraudulent declarations, has not been confirmed.

THE CONFESSION OF PIGOTT.

The dramatic incident of the confession of Richard Pigott, made to Messrs. Labouchère and Sala, in the library of the former, is depicted on page 120. In this confession, it will be remembered, this wretched person stated that he had forged the letters submitted to the Parnell Commission on behalf of the London *Times*. The illustration tells its own story.

ATTACKING THE FRENCH PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

The Tirard Ministry, having found a pretext in the Patriotic League's protest against the Government's action in the Atchinoff affair, is at present directing its anti-Boulanger campaign against the organization mentioned, of which M. Paul Derouëde, the poet, and an ardent supporter of General Boulanger, is president. Not only are leading members to be prosecuted in court, but the desks and safes of the League at its head-quarters, and at the office of its newspaper organ, *Le Drapier*, have been broken open and riddled by police officers. Nothing of any significance has been found, but great indignation has been aroused by the puerile action of the Government, which has not hesitated at such pettiness as refusing to admit the bust of Boulanger to the Exposition, and even boycotting all the works of the sculptor who executed it!

THE DROUGHT IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

An every-day incident of the drought which has prevailed in the Riverina district of New South Wales is illustrated in our picture on page 120. An eye-witness, describing the scene there represented, says: "When a mob of sheep gets near a tank a rush for water takes place, all crowding to get a drink at the much-coveted fluid. The strong trample on the weak, who go down, and either get drowned or smothered in the mud. Very often, too, comparatively strong sheep get bogged and die. To prevent the water becoming putrid, every passer-by, no matter who he is, stops and pulls out any sheep he may see stuck, whether dead or alive, and to do this is looked upon almost as a religious duty, the omission of which is a greater sin than the breach of one of the ten commandments."

CAPSIZE OF A FRENCH TORPEDO-BOAT.

The wreck of a torpedo-boat is something of a novelty in marine disasters. Such an accident happened in the Bay of St. Nazaire, near Toulon, on the 8th inst., to the *torpilleur* "No. 102," commanded by a Lieutenant Shilling. The vessel was of a mediocre and disapproved type, of recent construction, 35 meters long and of 53 tons displacement, very capricious in rough weather, and easily capsized. That was what happened to "No. 102," which filled and sank in forty-five minutes, causing the death of three unfortunate machinists confined in the hold, and of three of the crew who were drowned in the heavy sea. Lieutenant Shilling and the others clung to the capsized vessel, and were rescued by another torpedo-boat of the five which were maneuvering in the bay together.

BEATING THE BOOMERS.

THE long-delayed conflict between the Oklahoma boomers and the United States troops has finally come, and the boomers have been driven out of the Territory by troops of the Fifth Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Carson. The would-be settlers were warned that the soldiers were coming, and fled in every direction, but several hundred were rounded up by the troopers, and men, women, children, cattle and teams were driven before them out of the Territory. Some of the boomers, thinking to evade the troops, took to the forest and sought to conceal themselves in secluded camps; but Indian scouts were sent into the woods and speedily routed out the skulkers.

Late dispatches state that there are 2,000 boomers in the vicinity of Fort Reno, and that farther south, near Purcell, a town of 2,000 population, there are many more. Great excitement prevails, at Oklahoma City and among the boomers everywhere along the line. They denounce the action of the troops as an outrage, and say they will warn the United States authorities that, if they do not furnish the protection demanded, the boomers will take it into their own hands and wreak summary vengeance on the soldiers. The former are generally well provided with Winchesters and arms of the latest approved pattern, with plenty of ammunition. There are many reckless and desperate men among them.

A proclamation, just issued by the President, calls attention to the fact that the law of March 2, 1889, provides that no person shall be permitted to enter upon and occupy the land recently ceded to the United States by the Creek and Seminole Indians until said lands are opened for settlement by proclamation of the President, and that no person violating this provision shall ever be permitted to enter any of said lands or acquire any right

thereto. The President directs the military officers to take and preserve the names of all persons who may enter the Territory in violation of this provision, so that the same may be enforced by the Land Department when said lands are lawfully opened for settlement. A later proclamation opens another part of the Territory to settlement.

THE LATE JUSTICE STANLEY MATTHEWS.

STANLEY MATTHEWS, Associate-justice of the United States Supreme Court, died in Washington on Friday last, after an illness which dated back for nearly a year. Justice Matthews was sixty-five years of age, and had been for thirty-seven years identified with public affairs as a lawyer, Senator and judicial officer. He achieved distinction as one of the leading counsel on behalf of the Republicans before the Electoral Commission which confirmed Mr. Hayes's title to the Presidency, and some months later was elected to the United States Senate from Ohio. He was nominated Justice of the Supreme Court in February, 1881, but the nomination was not confirmed until May of that year. The vacancy created by his death will of course be filled by a Republican.

It is of interest in this connection that there are indications of a rejuvenation of the personnel of the Court by the retirement of the three senior Justices—Miller, Field and Bradley. Justice Miller,



THE LATE JUSTICE STANLEY MATTHEWS.

of Iowa, is seventy-three years of age, and has been on the bench twenty-seven years. His mind is clear and his general health is excellent; but he has had two operations performed, one during the past Winter, for lithia trouble, which noticeably undermined his otherwise iron constitution. Justice Field, of California, is the same age as Justice Miller, and has sat on the bench but one year less. He is remarkably well preserved in body and mind, but has earned the retirement to which he is entitled. Justice Bradley, of New Jersey, is the oldest member of the Court, being seventy-six. His service covers nineteen years. He is in excellent vigor for one of his years, but not equal to the severe work of the Court.

The next in length of service is Justice Harlan, of Kentucky, who is fifty-six, and has had twelve years' experience. Justice Matthews came next. Then follow Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, sixty-one years old, with eight years' service, and Justice Blatchford, of New York, who is sixty-nine years old, with seven years' service. Justice Lamar, of Mississippi, while advanced in years, has practically just commenced his service.

THE SOROSIS CONVENTION.

THE members of Sorosis, and delegates from women's clubs in different parts of the country, to the number of nearly three hundred, assembled in convention at the Madison Square Theatre, in New York city, on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, to form a confederation. It was the first convention of the kind ever held, and Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, the new President of Sorosis, presided. The theatre was well filled with a bright and attentive feminine audience, amongst whom the delegates were distinguished by badges of white ribbon. The convention was busy, harmonious and practical. Interesting reports were read by a large number of delegates—notably by Mrs. Sally J. White, President of the New England Woman's Press Association; by Miss Nobles, of the New Orleans Woman's Club; by Mrs. Peck, of Milwaukee; and by Mrs. Putnam, of the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Woman's Club. A plan for a general confederation was reported, in a series of resolutions, by Mrs. Lucy C. Thomas, Chairman of the Committee on Organization. It was finally agreed that all women's clubs, incorporated or not, should be eligible, and that a committee of eleven should have charge until March, 1890, when the clubs in the federation are to meet in convention and adopt a constitution.

The convention met on Thursday morning, at Hardman Hall, on Fifth Avenue, to hear a few more reports and to finish up the business on hand; but the formal leave-taking was on Wednesday night in Hardman Hall, where an entertainment, arranged by Sorosis, was given. The committee above referred to is constituted as follows: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston; Mrs. Croly ("Jennie June"), of New York; Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, of New York; Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indiana; Mrs. Todd, of Kansas; Miss Doyle, of Rhode Island; Mrs. Driscoll, of St. Paul; Mrs. Hoffman, of Sorosis; Dr. Julia H. Smith, of Chicago; Mrs. C. H. Hall, of Philadelphia; Miss Kate Nobles, of New Orleans; Mrs. Putnam, of Michigan; Mrs. Wing, of Brooklyn; and Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, of New Jersey.

WHALING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

THIE whale-fisheries, once so important in the North Atlantic, have been almost entirely transferred to the North Pacific Ocean, and whaling-vessels of all nations are found there in numbers. Sometimes a whaler is gone for years on a cruise before a sufficient number is caught to make it

necessary to return home. The implements used for the capture of whales are the harpoon, the lance and the harpoon-gun. When a whale is discovered by the lookout at the masthead the boats are lowered, and as soon as the whale is harpooned the struggle begins. The mighty beast endeavors to get free, and the boat, to drag him to the vessel. When towed to the ship, the whale is made fast to the side by chains and the blubber is cut off. This is from one to two feet in thickness, and lies under the surface of the true skin. In a large whale it sometimes amounts to thirty tons. The whalebone, or *baleen*, is found in plates in the mouth, which weighs nearly a ton in an animal of average size. The reservoir of sperm-oil and spermaceti in the head of the sperm-whale is secured by cutting off the head, which often reaches to one-third of the entire length of the animal. The process of trying out the blubber is performed on board the ship, and during this huge masses of smoke and soot rise until all the oil has been tried out and filled into casks.

After all the blubber, whalebone and spermaceti has been taken, the carcass of the denuded whale is cast adrift, and is speedily consumed by sharks, vultures and polar bears.

FIRE-DRILL IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ACCORDING to a law of the State of New York, it is obligatory upon all of the public schools in this city to have a fire-drill of the pupils twice a month. The principal of each school is left free to choose the time for the drill, and generally selects some pleasant day when the time can best be spared from the studies. A gong, which is fixed outside of a window, is sounded, whereupon all the pupils arise from their seats. On the second stroke of the gong they seize quickly, but quietly, their hats, coats, etc., and when the gong sounds for the third time the pupils march in an orderly manner out of the room and down the stair-ways to the sidewalk.

Of course, in the case of an actual fire the details of the escape would be altered according to circumstances; but the drill is of use in establishing a habit of discipline and obedience to authority. Should a fire occur in a school-building, or a house adjoining it, the teachers of the children at once become commanders of their classes, as military officers command their soldiers. The discipline of the drill makes the pupils obedient and orderly, and panic-stricken fear is avoided. In cases of actual fire in schools and other public buildings, more lives have been lost by the crowd being seized by fear, and trampling over each other in their mad efforts to escape, than by the fire itself. The never-to-be-forgotten horror of the Brooklyn Theatre fire is in case in point.

This fire-drill has been practiced in all the New York city public schools regularly since 1885. The writer witnessed it in one of the largest schools in the city, where 34 teachers command 2,300 pupils. All was done in a quiet, orderly manner, and with the utmost celerity.

A POSTAL CARD WELL FILLED.

The Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* says: "When some antiquarian of the future reports that a citizen of Belfast wrote on a postal card the whole of one of the annual messages of President Cleveland, the inference will be that President Cleveland was a man of few words, but the inference will be wrong. The message contained 15,000 words, yet Mr. Rila Kittredge got it all on the card with a steel pen and ink, each letter, as seen through a microscope, being beautifully formed. Also, a border three-eighths of an inch wide is placed around the card, representing a string of beads, fifty-two in number, each three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and most of them containing the Lord's Prayer; 4,000 words are put into this border. Mr. Kittredge is seventy-seven years old, and says he could get 18,000 words on a postal card. It took him forty-five days to write this one."

WORTH, AND HIS COMPOSITIONS.

CHARLES FREDERICK WORTH, the famous Paris dress-maker, given in the Boston *Transcript*, in connection with some interesting reminiscences of his career, the following accounts of some of the notable feminine costumes which he has "composed": "The celebrated dress in which the Countess de Castiglione, on one occasion, appeared at a fancy ball, and which was said to be so extremely indecent, would scarcely cause a remark if worn at the present day. It was a robe in black and scarlet plush, and was made without sleeves and with only a narrow gold band passing over each shoulder, a style that is universally adopted now, but which, in the days when evening dresses were all made with short lace-trimmed sleeves reaching half way to the elbow, had a rather startling effect. This, of course, was enhanced by the beauty of the wearer, who was formed as perfectly as a statue."

"I supplied the Empress with several fancy costumes. One was that of Juno, and another the splendid dress of a Dogarella, or wife of the Doge of Venice. For this last-named toilet she caused to be fashioned the necklace in diamond net-work, with a great imitation pearl-shaped pearl suspended in each interstice of the net-work, which was sold amongst the crown-jewels; and the fact of the pearls not being real created a good deal of talk at the time of the sale. She never wore this authentic and picturesque, but cumbersome, ornament. She tried it on several times, but it always marred the effect of her costume. It was sold for \$4,000, a price far beyond its intrinsic value."

"Another fancy costume which I made for her was an exact reproduction of the dress of Marie de Medicis from a contemporary portrait. When she tried it on for the Emperor's approval, he found it too sombre, and to replace it we furnished, at twenty-four hours' notice, a copy of the toilet worn by Marie Antoinette in the well-known portrait of Mme. Lebrun.

"I last saw the Empress on the occasion of her brief visit to Paris a few weeks ago. She has almost entirely regained her health under the treatment of the famous physician of Amsterdam whom she consults annually, and with her health she has regained a great portion of her beauty. Her complexion has very naturally lost its freshness, but the grace of her carriage, the fine outline of her features, and the beautiful mold of her bust and shoulders, are as striking as ever. I have dressed many lovely women, but never a lovelier one than the ex-Empress of the French."

"The hoop skirt was invented by the Empress to conceal the approaching advent of the Prince Imperial, and it was the expected birth of the Princess Beatrice that led to its immediate adoption by Queen Victoria. This was in the year 1855. The amplitude given to the skirts of ladies' dresses

by the invention was something extraordinary. Ten breadths of satin or velvet became necessary to fashion the simplest skirt, and in lighter materials, where flounces, ruchings, etc., were used as trimmings, we hesitated to promise a second dress out of a pattern of sixty or sixty-seven yards till the first was finished.

"Once I made a dress in whose construction one hundred yards of silk were employed. It was in light glace taffeta in three shades of purple, from delicate lilac to deep violet; the whole skirt was covered with close and full ruchings in the three shades, and when completed the dress looked like a huge bouquet of violets.

"It has occasionally been stated in the newspapers that I have given up all active participation in my business, only remaining an hour or two daily at the establishment in the Rue de la Paix. That statement is incorrect. I arrive there early in the morning and do not go home till six or seven o'clock in the evening. And every toilet furnished by the house receives my personal supervision, from the fashioning of the model to the placing of the final trimming."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE British Government proposes to lay a submarine cable between Bermuda and Halifax.

THE losses of the exploded Parisian copper syndicate are stated at \$30,000,000. All the authors of the syndicate are ruined.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has issued a proclamation warning off intruders upon the Alaska seal-fisheries, and authorizing the seizure of all vessels so engaged.

RUSSIAN officials have tested and reported favorably upon a Russian invention for applying the revolver principle to the barrels of Berdan rifles. By this arrangement a machine-gun is obtained which will fire 480 shots a minute.

THE Pope's income for the year 1888 amounted to \$2,520,000, of which \$1,860,000 came from St. Peter's Pence, and \$660,000 from the interest of moneys invested out of Italy. The outlay of the Vatican only amounted to \$1,700,000.

THE ladies of Texas are making a huge map, drawn on canvas, with all the 264 counties of the State laid off. One county, Tom Green, is larger than the entire States of Massachusetts and Connecticut combined. The name of each county will be worked with some beautiful product made in the county. The map will be exhibited in the Texas Spring Palace to be built at Fort Worth.

PROFESSOR KIRCHOFF, of Halle, estimates that the language most spoken on the globe, for the last thousand years at least, is Chinese, for it is without a doubt the only one which is talked by over 400,000,000 of the human race; the next language most in use (but at a very great distance behind Chinese) being Hindoo-stance, spoken by over 100,000,000. Then follow the English (spoken by about 100,000,000), Russian (over 70,000,000), German (over 54,000,000), and Spanish (over 47,000,000).

THE New Orleans *Times-Democrat* calls attention to the growing popularity of the Mississippi sea-coast as a winter resort. "Many Northern people," it says, "have purchased homes and valuable properties on the coast this year, and nearly all who have come have confessed they have found the region along the bright waters of the Mississippi Sound the most delightful wintering-place in America or in the world." The best-known resorts on this coast are Pascagoula, Ocean Springs, Biloxi, Mississippi City, Pass Christian, Waveland, Bay St. Louis and Gulf View.

THE American pilgrims were received by the Pope last week, their welcome being especially cordial. For each he had a kind word and a benediction. In reply to an address, His Holiness spoke feelingly of the pleasure it gave him to meet so many representatives of that great, free and happy land—America. "The eagle on your banner," said he, "is truly emblematic of the strength and ambition of your country, whose prosperity and glory we would wish to continue to increase." He gave the priests full privileges and power to pronounce a special Papal benediction upon their congregations on their return, and presented to each pilgrim a silver medal inclosed in a handsome case. He expressed the hope that America would soon have a national hospice in Palestine, like other nations.

THE Chinese Minister is said to be the most liberal patron of the cable companies in Washington; he spends even more money for telegraphing than the Government of the United States. Almost every act of his is governed by instructions asked and received from his Government, and although he uses a cipher by which he can put the meaning of ten words into two, his telegraphic bills average \$1,000 a week, and often exceed that sum daily for a week at a time. One day recently he sent \$2,000 worth of dispatches to China concerning the riots at Milwaukee, and received replies that must have cost at least as much more. Cable messages to China are sent first to Havre, then to Aden, thence across the Arabian Sea, through Hindostan and Siam, to Peking, and they cost about \$4 a word.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 16TH—In Fort Worth, Tex., Colonel William Henry, Jr., formerly of Oxford, N. J., aged 59 years. MARCH 18TH—In Boston, Mass., D. J. Maginnis, a well-known actor, aged 54 years; in London, England, Samuel Carter Hall, the writer, aged 88 years. MARCH 19TH—In Jacksonville, Fla., Frank S. Pinckney, a New York journalist. MARCH 20TH—In Orange, N. J., Samuel Toombs, one of the editors and proprietors of the *Evening Mail*, aged 55 years; in Chicago, Ill., Major Simon B. Brown, aged 75 years; in Bethlehem, Pa., Dr. George P. Kern, aged 72 years; in Orange, N. J., Rev. Dr. Alfred Yeomans, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, aged 59 years; in New York, Charles Dickinson Adams, a prominent lawyer, aged 60 years. MARCH 21ST—In New York, William Woodward, Jr., of the Cotton Exchange, aged 52 years; in Hempstead, L. I., Samuel S. Sands, Jr., aged 33 years; in Watervliet, N. Y., Elder George Albert Loomis, of the Shaker Community. MARCH 22D—In Washington, D. C., Associate-justice Stanley Matthews, of the United States Supreme Court, aged 64 years; in New Orleans, La., Rev. John F. Girault, Rector of St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church, aged 66 years; in Honesdale, Pa., Colonel E. Young, aged 65 years; in New Haven, Conn., James S. Webb, a prominent farmer and politician, aged 71 years; in Havana, Cuba, Jose E. Bernal, the Cuban lawyer and patriot; in St. Petersburg, Count Peter Schouvaloff, aged 61 years.

A GENUINE sensation has been created in Kansas City, Kan., by a vigorous enforcement of the prohibitory law. The liquor-dealers having grown insolent and defiant, the authorities took them in hand, and sent a score or more to prison for long terms, besides imposing on them a fine of \$100 for every glass of intoxicants they had been convicted of vending. At the same time gambling dens were closed and other dives were compelled to put up their shutters, greatly to the public satisfaction.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SINCE 1872 the net loss in the postal-telegraph system in England has been over \$16,500,000.

THERE were 14,900 divorces in the United States during the last twenty years caused by drunkenness.

THE Chilian Government has issued a decree prohibiting the immigration of Chinese into the republic.

A BILL providing for capital punishment by electricity has been introduced in the Minnesota Legislature.

A PROJECT is on foot to build a ship-canal across the upper peninsula, connecting Lakes Michigan and Superior.

THE Illinois Senate has passed a Bill appropriating \$50,000 for a monument to the late General John A. Logan.

THE rush into Washington Territory is so great that it has been found necessary to erect temporary houses for immigrants.

MR. LEWIS, solicitor for the Parnellites, has secured Richard Pigott's diary, and will produce it before the Parnell Commission.

GOLD in large quantities is said to have been discovered on the Sweet Grass Hills, Montana, and adventurers are flocking there in great numbers.

THE Russian Government is considering a measure for increasing the number of vessels in the Navy. The plans under consideration involve the expenditure of 120,000,000 rubles.

IT is said that Secretary Proctor proposes to do away with Sunday dress-parades in the Regular Army. These parades are altogether useless, and should have been suspended long ago.

OF 261 replies received from representative men in Massachusetts to a query regarding their attitude as regards prohibition, 188 are against the constitutional amendment and 73 for it.

THE poor of the District of Columbia profited \$26,000 by the inauguration of General Harrison, as a check for that sum (the excess of receipts over expenses) has been turned over for their benefit.

A GIGANTIC Salt Trust has been formed, and it is proposed to begin operations by increasing the price of the article five cents a barrel. The promoters of the trust are said to be backed by about \$25,000,000 of English capital.

IN the British House of Commons, last week, Right Hon. Home Secretary Matthews announced that counsel for the Parnellites would be allowed the same freedom of access to convicts as was granted to counsel for the *Times*.

THE Panama Canal Company announces that a further extension of the provisional contract has been arranged with the contractors, which secures the maintenance of the works and material. The official liquidator does not despair of forming a new company.

AN association of New York bankers, merchants and shippers who do business with Spanish America is being formed, for the purpose of promoting the development of the commercial relations between the country and its neighbors of Central and South America and the West India Islands.

AMONG Presidential nominations made last week, but not communicated to the Senate, were ex-Congressman W. H. Calkins, of Indiana, for the Commissionership of the General Land Office; W. M. Meredith, of Illinois, for Public Printer; and Murat Halstead, of Ohio, to be Minister to Germany.

IT is probable that the Samoan Commissioners will not be able to start for Berlin before the middle of April, as the matter with which they have to deal is rather intricate, and preparation for its consideration involves an exhaustive study of a large amount of diplomatic correspondence, as well as of the long protocols of the former conference.

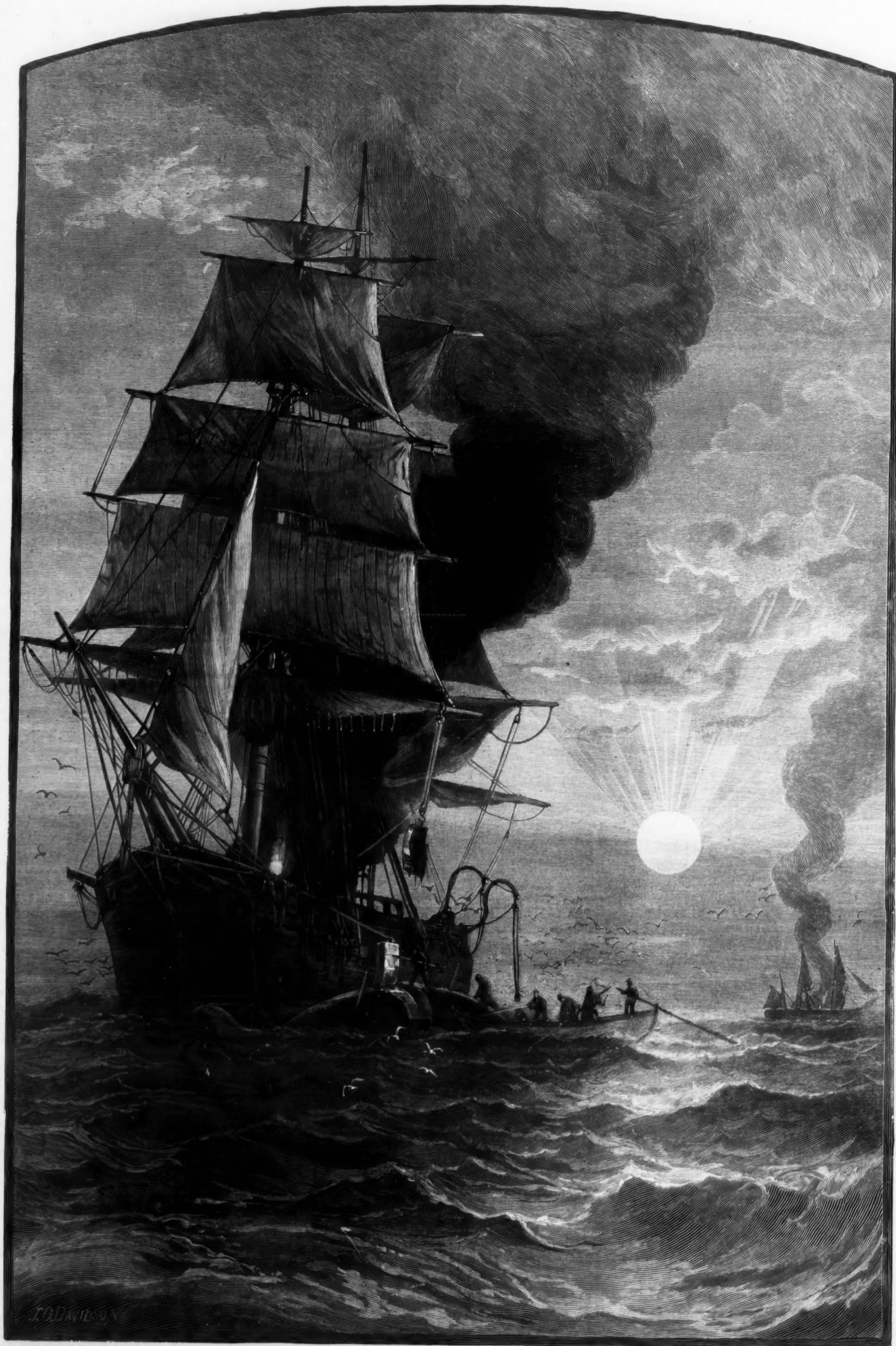
THE Government of Japan desires to increase their navy by building four or five first-class ships every year, in order to be prepared for any possible emergency. Japan already possesses a navy of thirty-five ships and 8,000 officers and men. A commission of engineers are at present in America inspecting our newest war-ships, with a view of building similar vessels in Japan.

IN a recent talk with a delegation of clergymen and others who called upon him to urge a more Christian policy in dealing with the Indians, General Harrison said emphatically that he should do his best in the direction named. He humorously added, however, that "the Indians with whom he must be most concerned at present were not on the frontier, but here in Washington."

GOVERNOR TAFT having declined a renomination, the Republicans of Rhode Island have nominated Herbert W. Ladd as their candidate for the Executive office, with Daniel G. Littlefield for Lieutenant-governor. The platform adopted in the State Convention favors the resubmission of the prohibition amendment. A candidate opposed to resubmission has been nominated by the Law and Order party.

A BILL has been introduced into the New York Legislature to enforce a reduction in the charges of the telephone companies. In support of this measure certain statistics have been prepared, and these show that the net profits of the company in control of the telephones in New York city have reached in one year as high as 147 per cent. It is further set forth that this company has earned over 473 per cent. net profits on its cash capital in six years.

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WHALING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC—CUTTING OUT THE BLUBBER.
SEE PAGE 123.



A CONFLAGRATION IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD—THE FIRE-DRILL IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 122.

For Dayber's Echo:

THE
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.
BY
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

GERALD GRAEME arrived at the railroad-station, home once more, on the same train with Arnold Anson. He had not seen the latter gentleman, who had gotten on to the train late in the afternoon, and who had not been in the same car with himself, until they left the cars at the station. And even then the latter did not see him.

Gerald noticed that Dr. Anson started to walk to Dayber's Echo. He felt sorry that that was true. But, as it was, he decided that there was nothing left for him to do, in spite of the great hurry he was in, but to walk also. He would have preferred going in an easier way and a swifter way. He would have been glad to have avoided even the possibility of a night-meeting with Arnold Anson on the Dayber estate—down in the ancient Dayber woods, for instance. But Graeme would run no risks of having his intended conversation with Mr. William Flintacre interrupted by the home-coming of Anson; no, he would let Anson reach Dayber's Echo first; if he had anything to say to Mr. William Flintacre—he might say it first. But he would follow Anson closely. He would demand the opportunity for a talk with this mysterious man, Flintacre. And he would have it! It should go hard with any one who tried to prevent that!

Gerald Graeme was delayed a little in getting out of the village. He met several men who talked with him—mostly on topics which had no interest whatever for him, at least not then. You may have had experiences like this; you may know how hard it is, sometimes, to throw off a person who has made up his mind to do a certain amount of talking; it is unfortunate that society is so constituted that, when a man has once allowed another to get the impression that his conversation is pleasing, he must never do anything to remove that impression—not even for a moment. It would be a happier world—and a better one—if it were an allowable thing, and void of offense to say, "Sir, you shall excuse me; you are a bore—this evening!"

Last of all, but not least, he met a servant from the residence of Dr. Peter Pillah. He had gotten almost to the edge of the village, and was beginning to congratulate himself on having passed every one who could interrupt or annoy him, when he met this man.

And, strangely enough, he was glad to see him and have a few minutes' conversation with him.

"Has Dr. Pillah returned?" asked Graeme.

"No. I hoped you could tell me where to send for him. Do you know where he is?"

"No. Good-night."

"Good-night. Shall you not come to the doctor's house to sleep?"

"I think not. I have a little business to attend to, and after that I can find a bed at the hotel. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

Graeme walked on—on over the same ground as that over which Anson had so recently passed—and through the same night. But the influences of the surrounding and the time affected him differently from the way in which they had affected Anson.

Graeme was decidedly low-spirited. His outlook upon life had grown to be a decidedly gloomy one. He had failed in so much; he had succeeded in so little. And this night's work—what would be the outcome of it? What could be? He doubted—doubted—doubted. At every change in the scenery, at every turn which brought him nearer and nearer to Dayber's Echo, he doubted more and more. Could he meet William Flintacre? Would he learn anything because of this interview with William Flintacre? Or was William Flintacre only a myth—an invention of the evil mind of Dr. Arnold Anson, who had managed in some way to impose this pretended man upon a long-suffering world? What would he say? What would he admit? What would he deny? Or would there be no William Flintacre at all, any more than there were rocks, yonder, down in the dangerous marshes, where the white masses of the fog looked solid enough to have been granite? Would he have no more to say than the senseless thunder that Echo Rock was hurling back to the fretful sea?

The night was bright, to be sure, but not for him. The man somewhere ahead of him, yonder, faced the moonlight, and took it all into his own life.

The night darkened. A cloud took the moon into its possession, so far as the world of Dayber's Echo was concerned—and kept it. Then he smiled, as he walked on in the darkness; it was Anson's night which had been darkened, so he said to himself, for, God help him, was there anything in all the world which could make his night darker than it was already?

He listened to the music from the far-off Echo Rock. It seemed singing a dirge. "For Arnold Anson?" he said, questioningly but hopefully, in his heart.

"He has won all—all!" he cried, passionately, turning his face toward the cloudy sky, with a piteous appeal in words and tone, and look and gesture. "He has won all—or crushed where he could not win. He—he will have Maude; and he will have Dayber's Echo. What care I for Dayber's Echo. Nothing—less than nothing. But, O God, if I may not win the blessing of Maude Dayber's love, at least help me to be worthy of her!"

There came a far-off sound through the night—a rushing sound—sound that grew louder and nearer and clearer—the sound of the wheels of a carriage drawn over the rough road at the greatest speed possible to the beasts that drew it. They came nearer and nearer; they were in sight.

And then, Graeme stepped aside, and stood close to the thick-branched and low-drooping trees near the narrow roadway. It was a scene to impress one—a scene never to be forgotten. On the box, the driver was lashing the horses to an increased speed; at the window, the pale face of Arnold Anson could be seen, and his voice sounded, loud and harsh, above the roar of hurrying wheels:

"Drive faster!—curse you, drive faster!"

A moment opposite him, while the two men glared into one another's face; a minute for the carriage to pass out of sight; a quarter of an hour for the silence to own only the roar of the sea and the answer of Echo Rock! And then—

Dismissed hatred from your heart, Gerald Graeme, if you can! Dismiss doubt and fear, if you dare! You have seen the face of your foe, Gerald Graeme, for the last time—see only one! The next time you look into the wicked eyes of Arnold Anson, and upon his cruel and crafty lips, will be when you two confront one another before the great white throne of God—in the day of judgment!

A little farther on Gerald Graeme met a bowed and bent old man—an old man who seemed to have lost his way, and to be in great doubt and trouble.

"You seem to be in trouble, sir," said Gerald, kindly. "Can I do anything for you?"

The old man looked up, straightened himself vigorously, and gazed, carefully and attentively, at Gerald. Gerald knew him at once, changed though he was, and could have wept to have seen Maude's father so wrecked and broken.

"You have a kind voice and a good face," said the old man, after a time; "I certainly need the help of some one; I think I'll let you help me."

"Well, what can I do for you? What do you need?"

The old man looked about him suspiciously, as though he feared some listener might start up near them, and perhaps come forward with an unwelcome interruption. He came up very close to Gerald, and placed his weak and tremulous hand upon his shoulder. He spoke in a whisper.

"I need information," he said, cunningly.

"Ah?" cried Gerald, starting violently.

The old man's answer was so horribly grotesque and suggestive that he could not help it.

"Yes; information. No one seems willing to give me information—no one but my daughter. She is willing. She is a good girl. Did you ever see Maude? I presume not. You would like her, I think. Most men do."

"Well—now—"

"See here, young man, you mustn't interrupt me. It isn't respectful, in one so young, to act in that way toward one as old as I. When I can—can—can think—think a little, I must be allowed to. Usually I can think only when I'm with my daughter—think long and much, I mean. She seems to give me strength; strange, isn't it? I assure you I'm quite a man when I'm with Maude, and—Say! Please promise me one thing!"

"Don't tell Maude that I ever have these times when my nerves seem rusty and my brain benumbed; it'd only worry her, and do me no good; it's something she cannot help at all; she does all she can—all she can; she gives me strength when I am with her—great strength. I—I don't know my way back to Maude. You'll help me, won't you? You'd like Maude, I know, and maybe she would take a fancy to you—ha! ha! ha! It's worth trying, isn't it? You'll help me home, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll help you home."

"Thank you. I like you. I wish Maude would. You see, she must have some one—when I am gone."

"When you are gone?"

"Of course. When I am dead, I mean. I am going to die some day. Don't you have to die?"

"Certainly," replied Gerald, gravely; "all men must die."

"Is that so? I think I never heard of that before. All—men—must—die? Must all women die?"

"Yes."

"Do—do you think my wife will die before I find her? I was out looking for her this night. I don't dare go far, of course, because I shouldn't know the way back, and I sometimes think they took her long way off when they stole her and hid her. Do you think I'll see her before she dies?"

"God knows!" burst wildly from Gerald's lips; "but how can I tell? I promise you I'll move heaven and earth in my endeavor to get her back for you."

"Will you? Thank you. If you and Maude—But wait—must Maude die, too?"

"Some time; yes."

"And still—men love her; still men crave the smiles of lips that will turn to ashes and dust! strange—strange—strange—Did you ever know a man who didn't die?"

"Why, of course, I know many living men."

"Sh! I didn't mean that. I know a dead man who isn't dead at all. He stays in his grave a part of the time—to rest, so he tells me. But he comes out and talks with me many, many times. He is Lionel Dayber. I suppose you may have heard of him?"

"I have heard of him. But I think I'd rather talk of your daughter. You said her name is Maude, didn't you?"

"You'd rather talk of her, had you? Ha! ha! ha! That's been the way with all of them. May be it'll end in your loving her, as all the rest did. First," gravely counting on his fingers, "there was a rascal by the name of Graeme; second, there was a tyrant called Anson; third, there was a fool called Flintacre; and—"

"There was a man called Flintacre, then, was there?" demanded our friend, eagerly.

"Yes, there was. And he loved Maude, too, though he didn't find courage to say so. Flintacre was. I fancy, though, by the devil's speed, that there won't be any Flintacre long. Did you see the devil ride by you, through the woods?"

"I saw Dr. Arnold Anson ride by me, through the woods, as I came," replied Gerald.

"Exactly," chuckled the old man; "exactly. Dr. Arnold Anson—the devil; the devil—Dr. Arnold Anson; it is all one and the same. I only hope he'll go home—go home—instead of coming here again to trouble me. He stole away my wife; he bewitched my daughter; he lied about a young man I used to know—and like. Do you know that I fancy you'd look like that very same young man, very much like him, if I could only have a good look at you by daylight?"

"Yes; very likely I should."

"Do—do you think daylight will ever come again?"

"Certainly. It will be daylight in the morning."

"In the—morning? What—morning? What—is—morning? It has been dark—dark—ever since that man Anson lived in my house; I'd rather die than have him return; do you know how long he lived there?"

"No, not exactly. How long did he?"

The old man lowered his voice to a whisper again, and looked about him, with cautious cunning, before he spoke.

"You—you mustn't tell Maude, you know. It might worry her to know, you see, for women don't like to remember how fast they're growing old—ha! ha! ha! Well, that man has lived in my house, at my expense, for more—than—one—hundred—thousand—years! Now, you wouldn't have guessed it, would you?"

Gerald shuddered. How had his sweetheart endured to live through the weary days and nights which this worn and weary man had allowed his tired brain to magnify into the semblance of a thousand centuries? How had it been possible for her to live on, day after day, while this most pathetic of tragedies was shaping itself before her eyes, unknowing and unsuspecting? What sort of fascination had Anson been able to use against her, in order to win her consent to such a future as a union with him would be? What sort of lies had he told, making himself the hero of a friendly devotion to the family for which he was plotting and planning the most utter degradation and ruin? How she must have suffered! And how terribly she must suffer in the hour when she found out the truth of what was—and what had been—and what was yet to be!

"Shall—shall I take you home now?" Gerald queried.

"If you will," replied Nathan Dayber, "for I know I could never, never find my own way, and oh, sir," raising his eyes weakly, so as to look into Graeme's, and clasping his hands in piteous supplication, "will you not remain there, as my guest, and help me keep that fiend, Anson, away?"

"I—I think I will—" "Don't say that. Say you will."

For a moment Graeme hesitated. Then he gave his answer, firm and strong, his right hand raised to heaven, and his broad white forehead bare. And the moon, breaking her cloudy grave, looked down upon him in brightness, as though promising a blessing.

"I will, so help me God!" he said.

He took the old man home—the weak, vacillating, senseless old man. Senseless, vacillating and weak—along the fields—along the lawn—in sight of the sounding rock and the shimmering sea. Senseless—until they saw the open door of the great mansion at Dayber's Echo. Vacillating—until they faced the pictured paradise that Anson had so madly left behind him. Weak—until Graeme turned, with a long-drawn, shuddering sigh, from the contemplation of the woman he loved, framed in the bright light of the portal to Dayber's Echo, now standing open before him.

And then—

Gerald Graeme saw such a transformation as he had never supposed possible. In place of his senseless gaze and his mad words, Nathan Dayber seemed strong and self-centred again. Instead of vacillation—there was a strong and vigorous will shining up through his eyes, and manifesting itself in every attitude and motion. Weakness had forsaken the brain it had dominated, and strength was enthroned in its place. It seemed as though the old man he had met, lost and perplexed, must have fallen behind, unseen, and disappeared; it seemed as though this calm and quiet gentleman must have come up, unseen, and taken his place. While he could not explain the cause, nor venture upon a study of the conditions underlying this marvelous change, Gerald knew what the old man had meant by speaking of being able to think better in the presence of his daughter. In her sight, much as he lacked of the full manhood which is founded only on sanity, he rose so high above his other wrecked self, that it was little wonder that the trusting eyes of love saw nothing amiss with him.

They walked together up to the door. Maude met them there. Love shone in her eyes as she looked upon her father, but there was only surprise for the presence of the other man.

"Maude, my dear," said the old man, "this gentleman has served me; he is my friend; he has consented to remain under my roof to-night; make him welcome."

He entered the hall, going past his daughter to do so, while the young man still stood outside, one foot upon the threshold, facing the woman he had loved so long—the woman he had loved so truly—the woman he had won and lost.

"Have I your permission, your welcome, Maude Dayber?" he asked.

"I do not understand what has happened," she replied, quietly; "I do not understand it at all. But you are welcome—as my father's guest!"

So he went in and ate the supper that had been intended for Arnold Anson! And he slept in the bed that had been made ready for Arnold Anson! And he dared dream of a happy future with a woman who had said, under oath, that she had promised to marry Arnold Anson!

"Her father's guest indeed!" he said, in a wakened hour he found in the early morning. "It shall go hard with as fortunate a man as I am if I do not win a sweeter welcome than that!"

Yes, Gerald Graeme. You are right. But take no pride upon yourself. Rather, thank God. For Arnold Anson might have had Maude Dayber—in spite of all the world—if he could have been content to have no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CLOSING FOR THE STRUGGLE.

THERE are several letters which I desire to allow my audience to read, and I think, on the whole, that I shall find no better place than this to transcribe them. Ordinarily, I enjoy asking my readers to stand beside me, keeping perfectly quiet, while we peruse anything in which we are interested, looking over the owner's shoulders, ourselves unseen.

But, as two of these letters, out of the three I am anxious to place at your disposal, never reached the persons to whom they were addressed, that method is hardly possible in this case.

So here they are:

"OFFICE OF SMART & SWIFT,
GENERAL DETECTIVE AGENCY,
NEW YORK CITY."

"Mr. Gerald Graeme—"

"DEAR SIR: Your telegram of yesterday, together with our answer to the same, seems to demand something in the way of further explanation. That explanation is, without doubt, furnished by a letter we received to-day, a copy of which is inclosed. Your doubts regarding Mr. Flintacre, if your telegram was intended as an expression of doubt, must have arisen from a confounding of Mr. Flintacre, our regular employé, with a gentleman substituted by him during a necessary absence, probably resulting from illness.

"Any further particulars, which it would be proper for you to know, and for us to furnish, will be cheerfully communicated on application to us.

"Very truly yours, SMART & SWIFT, "Pev A."

Mr. Graeme, when he registered at the little hotel near which Dr. White's asylum was located, failed to write more than his name. I cannot say how much the hotel people knew of his residence—or how little. I do not know whether the post-office authorities ever saw fit to inquire, regarding him, at the hotel-office, or not. I do not know whether any one ever asked Dr. White for the name of the town in which Gerald Graeme would regularly receive his mail, or whether no one ever thought of him. I only know that Smart & Swift's most trusted clerk wrote the letter, that it was duly sent, that it reached the post-office to which it was directed, that the man addressed never received it, nor the copy it inclosed, and that, in due time, it was buried in that national tomb of the results of carelessness and neglect, the Dead-letter Office, at Washington.

So the mystery of William Flintacre is still a mystery to Gerald Graeme, and will be until all earthly things are mysteries no longer.

"OFFICE OF SMART & SWIFT,
GENERAL

That was the letter which Flintacre wrote, and which he called "telling the whole truth." That was the letter, copies of which were sent to Mr. Gerald Graeme and Dr. Arnold Anson. That was the letter which, in view of the efforts of the clerks employed in the office of Smart & Swift, we must admit could be read in a way unthought of by the writer. That was the letter the writing of which had sent Anson hunting for William Flintacre—in every place he could imagine as affording him shelter—ruthlessly and tirelessly—by day and by night.

That was the letter that, though he had never read it and never would, made Arnold Anson willing to take the dreadful crime of murder upon his soul.

(To be continued.)

COLONEL LEWIS WOLFLEY,
NEW GOVERNOR OF ARIZONA.

COLORED LEWIS WOLFLEY, who has been nominated by President Harrison to the Senate as Governor of Arizona, is a native of Ohio, about forty-eight years old, and a relative of the well-known Ewing family of that State. He has been a resident of the Territory and actively engaged in business pursuits there for some years. Previous to emigrating to Arizona he was a resident of Washington, D. C., for some years. He served as brevet lieutenant-colonel in the cavalry brigade of General Eli H. Murray, of Kentucky, during the war, and left the army with the record



ARIZONA.—COLONEL LEWIS WOLFLEY, NEW GOVERNOR
OF THE TERRITORY.

PHOTO, BY BELL.

from his commanding officer of being the "best soldier under difficult circumstances in his whole command." He was appointed by General Grant United States Supervisor of Internal Revenue, and assigned to the District of Louisiana. His name was before President Garfield for appointment as United States Marshal at the time of his assassination. He has spent a good portion of his life in the Western States and Territories, is familiar with all their requirements, and will make a good, cool-headed executive officer.

GENERAL CYRUS BUSSEY,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF THE
INTERIOR.

CYRUS BUSSEY, the new Assistant Secretary of the Interior Department, and successor to D. L. Hopkins, of Missouri, was born in Hubbard, O., October 5th, 1833, and is, therefore, fifty-five years of age. He is the son of a Methodist preacher, and at the age of fourteen was a merchant's clerk in Iowa, while at sixteen he commenced business for himself. From fourteen until the age of sixteen, he devoted several hours of the day to study; and for two years studied medicine with his brother.

In 1858 he was elected to the State Senate as a Democrat. He was a delegate to the Democratic Convention at Baltimore. When the Civil War broke out, Governor Kirkwood of Iowa made him Lieutenant-colonel of the Militia, and on August 10th, 1861, he became Lieutenant-colonel of the Third Iowa Cavalry, which he had raised and organized—joining the Army of the South-west. He commanded a brigade at the battle of Pea Ridge; was in the Arkansas campaign in 1862, and on the 10th of July led the Third Brigade of Steele's Division; commanded a division of the expedition to Arkansas from July 11th, 1863, till the following April, when he took command of the Second Cavalry Division, Army of the Tennessee. He was Chief of the Cavalry at the siege of Vicksburg, and did good service watching the movements of General Joseph E. Johnston, while he defeated Jackson at Canton, Miss., July 17th, 1863. He was promoted to Brigadier-general, on January 5th, 1864, for "special gallantry," and shortly afterward was given command in Western Arkansas and Indian Territory, with the Third Division of the Seventh Corps. That was the head-quarters for ruffians, thieves and dishonest contractors, who cheated the Government and plundered honest, hard-working citizens, and thieving prevailed among the troops. These he broke up and restored to discipline. He was breveted Major-general, January 13th, 1865.

After the war, General Bussey engaged in business in St. Louis, then in New Orleans until 1881, when he removed to New York, where he has resided ever since. For six years he was President of the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce, and he was chairman of the committee of that body which obtained from Congress the appropriation for Captain Eads's jetties. He was a delegate to

the Republican Convention of 1868, which nominated Grant, and took an active part in the Convention of 1884, which nominated Mr. Blaine for the Presidency.

HON. JOHN W. MASON,
UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL
REVENUE.

JOHN W. MASON, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, comes into office for the first time, never having held any official position; but there is no question as to his equipment for his new duties. Mr. Mason was born in the mountain county of Monongahela, Virginia, now West Virginia, January 13th, 1842, and was educated at the Morgantown Academy, now the University of West Virginia. In the same county he taught school in various localities from the age of seventeen till twenty-five years. At the breaking out of the late war he volunteered in the cause of the Union, and was in Battery F, First West Virginia Light Infantry, entering the service in August, 1861. He participated in all the battles in Western Virginia and the great Valley of Virginia, and was honorably mustered out of service in September, 1864.

Choosing the law for a profession, he has practiced at the Bar successfully for twenty-two years at Grafton, West Virginia. Although an aggressive Republican, and one of the party leaders for years, he enjoys, by virtue of his high personal character, the cordial esteem of members of the opposition party. This was shown very conclusively when, in 1882, he came within ten votes of being elected to Congress in the Second District over Hon. William L. Wilson, the district having

a Democratic majority of over 2,000 on a strict party vote. He was made a member of the Republican National Committee in 1866, and continued as such until 1888. At the last election he was a candidate for Supreme Judge of the State, but was defeated. He is a faithful party man, an honorable, upright Christian gentleman, and in his hands the vast internal-revenue interest of the country will be perfectly safe.

**DESPICABLE VANDALISM
AT YALE.**

EARLY on Tuesday morning, the 18th inst., the bronze statue of Professor Benjamin Silliman, Yale's great scientist, was pulled from its pedestal and thrown to the ground with great force, cracking the neck and otherwise damaging the bronze image, and chipping a huge piece from the granite pedestal. The theory accepted by nearly every one connected with the College, and also by the towns-people, is that this piece of malicious mischief was the work of a party of skylarking students on their way home from a night's reveling. It is thought that whoever did the work—and there must have been at least a dozen men in the party—stole a rope from the recitation-hall now in course of erection, and placing a noose about the neck of the figure, dragged it from its base. The extent of the damage cannot be ascertained until the statue has been examined by experts.

The statue stood in the corner of the College quadrangle between Battell Chapel and Farnam Hall. It was erected in 1884, is of bronze, about nine feet in height, and stood upon a pedestal six feet high. The sculptor was John F. Weir, a professor in the Art Department of Yale University.

Nearly all the professors at recitation on Tuesday referred to the affair, some of them in very severe terms of condemnation. Professor Sumner said: "It is the most disgraceful and idiotic action that I have known since I have been connected with the College. It was a gross indignity to the memory of Professor Silliman, who did so much for the College, and any person who knows of the great service rendered to the world of science by Professor Silliman cannot help being shocked at so flagrant an outrage." Professor Ladd termed it a "low-lived, dastardly outrage, and an insult to the institution which all ought to love, and also to the members of the faculty."

President Timothy Dwight, in chapel on Wednesday morning, spoke with much feeling in regard to the affair. He said that he voiced the sentiment of both faculty and students in condemning so serious an offense, and any men who had taken part in it, though they might be in the University, whether they had done the act in seriousness or in thoughtlessness, could not be members of the University. "They are with us, but not of us," he said. "Yale men have always respected Yale customs, and especially respected those who have done so much for Yale." In closing, President Dwight said: "Some might think it wrong to take up the time at divine worship in speaking of such an event. But 'manliness' is very near to godliness," and the proper way to worship God is to promote and preserve a true spirit of manliness."

A largely attended University meeting was held on Wednesday evening, March 20th, and resolutions were adopted declaring the overturning of the statue "an act of the most despicable vandalism," and that the spirit which prompted it was "one wholly inconsistent with the Yale idea of a gentleman," and "that we brand this deed as alien to the true spirit of Yale life, and arraign its doers before the bar of public sentiment as guilty of defaming the good name of Yale."

If the perpetrators of this very practical "joke" are discovered, it is very probable that not only College censure will be visited upon them, but also prosecution for violation, in a certain sense, of the statutes of the State.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER.

"I DO NOT want to talk about what I am going to do," said Postmaster-general Wanamaker the other day, when some one asked him something about his policy. "I would rather let my actions speak for themselves as they come. Just now, you know, I am only getting acquainted with my duties, my subordinates and my callers. I am studying the situation. But my general idea is to make the postal service just as efficient as it can be made. I want to keep the mail-bag open to

the latest possible minute, then get it to its destination in the shortest possible time, and then get each separate piece of mail to the person for whom it is meant in the quickest possible way. To do this I must have, of course, the best possible assistants."

A story is told in Washington illustrative of Mr. Wanamaker's habit of early rising. A caller at the Post-office Department had been asked by the Postmaster-general to see him at his house next morning. "What time?" asked the caller; then, anticipating the answer, added: "About eleven o'clock?" "Oh, no," said Postmaster-general Wanamaker, "about half-past seven." The caller, who had been used to later hours, was dumfounded.

A Pennsylvania delegation recently had a chance to learn something about Postmaster-general Wanamaker's early hours from personal experience. They called at his house shortly before nine o'clock in the morning, only to find that he had gone to the Post-office Department.

BABY MCKEE IN COMMAND.

A WASHINGTON letter to the *Troy Times* says: "Baby McKee is allowed more liberties about the head of this Government than the ordinary office-seeker, or even a member of the Cabinet, among which may be included the privilege of entering the library of the President at all times and wandering about at his own sweet will, and thereby hangs a story. There are on the desk of the President—a desk presented him by Queen Victoria, and made out of the timbers of the ship *Resolute*, which brought from the Arctic the remains of the Sir John Franklin Expedition—a series of ivory keys, which connect with electric bells in different parts of the building, so that he can summon his secretaries and attendants at any time. One of these six keys calls the private secretary; another, the executive secretary; and the rest, the telegraph operator, the stenographer, the telephone-man, the messenger, the door-keeper, and so on. And all of these officers—in fact, almost every member of the official staff at the White House—rushed into the President's room in frantic haste the other afternoon, not knowing whether the President had been assassinated or not, yet suspecting that the worst had happened, because of the violent and continual ringing of these bells. But it was only Baby McKee, who had found a new plaything."

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

AMONG the appointments made by President Harrison, last week, were the following: William W. Thomas, Jr., of Maine, to be Minister to Sweden and Norway; Samuel R. Thayer, of Minnesota, to be Minister to the Netherlands; Whitelaw Reid, of New York, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France; Julius Goldsmith, of Wisconsin, to be Consul-general at Vienna; Andrew C. Bradley, of the District of Columbia, to be Associate-justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; John R. McFie, of New Mexico, to be Associate-justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico; Frank R. Aikens, of Dakota, to be Associate-justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Dakota; Smith A. Whithfield, of Ohio, to be Second Assistant Postmaster-general; Abraham D. Hazen, of Pennsylvania, to be Third Assistant Postmaster-general; Charles E. Mitchell, of Connecticut, to be Commissioner of Patents; Nathan O. Murphy, of Arizona, to be Secretary of Arizona; John W. Mason, of West Virginia, to be Commissioner of Internal Revenue; William H. Whiteman, of New Mexico, to be Associate-justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico; Frederic D. Grant, of New York, to be Minister to Austria-Hungary; John C. New, of Indiana, to be Consul-general at London; Paul Fricke, of Texas, to be Marshal for the Western District of Texas; Seligman Brothers, to be special fiscal agents of the Navy Department at London; Miles C. Moore, of Walla Walla, W. T., to be Governor, and Oliver C. White, of Dayton, W. T., to be Secretary, of Washington Territory; and Henry M. Blakeman, of Montana, to be Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Montana.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A DRESDEN manufacturer has produced thread from the common nettle so fine that sixty miles of it weighs only two and one-half pounds.

FIFTEEN cubic feet of gas will give as much heat as one pound of bituminous coal. Ten cubic feet of air are required for the perfect combustion of one cubic foot of gas.

A PLAN for rendering paper as tough as wood or leather has been recently introduced on the Continent. It consists in mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper. It can be used for making boxes, combs, for roofing, and even for making boats.

FRIESE GREENE, a British photographer, has actually produced a picture with only the light issuing from his eye. Having stared for fifteen seconds at a 3,000-candle electric arc but three feet away, he closed his eye and quickly brought it over a sensitive plate at a distance of one inch. The result was a very faint but distinct image of the arc and the carbons, due probably to momentary phosphorescence of the retina. A second attempt failed, and gas-lights proved too weak to produce effect.

A USEFUL piece of apparatus has come into use in Germany in the shape of a traveling electric light. The affair is very simple: A dynamo, with an engine to drive it, is mounted on a wagon, something like that of a steam-fire-engine, containing boiler, fuel-box and water-tank, complete for a night's service. A dozen or so of jointed poles, a corresponding number of arc lamps and a supply of wire complete the equipment, and the whole is readily drawn by a pair of horses to the place where it may be needed. On its arrival the poles are set up where required, and stayed with wires fastened to stakes driven into the ground; the lamps are hung to them and properly connected, and the engine is set in motion. The lamps immediately kindle, giving a light nearly as bright as day over the whole neighborhood as long as it is needed. Any number of lamps, from one to fifty, may be operated from a machine of suitable power, and as they may be suspended anywhere, and are not affected by rain or wind, it would seem that the apparatus might be very useful to contractors and others who have to carry on night-work on an extensive scale.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Governor of Michigan worries along on a salary of \$1,000 a year.

SIR EDMUND has gone to Georgia for the benefit of his health and that of his family.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, the new British Minister to the United States, will sail for America on April 13th.

THE Japanese Minister of the Interior has arrived at Berlin to study the German system of Government.

CHEVALIER ANTON VON PALITSCHKE has been appointed Austrian Consul at New York, to succeed Hugo Fritsch.

GENERAL J. N. TYNER, formerly Postmaster-general, has been appointed Assistant Attorney-general for the Post-office Department.

MR. JOHN B. MOSBY has been nominated as the Republican, and ex-Mayor Thomas J. Stephens as the Democratic, candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES has sent a contribution to the Home for Disabled Confederates at Austin, Tex., with a letter expressing his cordial sympathy with the movement.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, accompanied by Messrs. Bayard, Vilas and Dickinson, members of his Cabinet, is enjoying an "outing" in Florida and Cuba, whither the party went last week.

THE nomination of Eugene Schuyler, of New York, to be Assistant Secretary of State, has been withdrawn, Mr. Schuyler having declined the appointment because of the opposition of certain Senators.

BISHOP KEANE, the President of the new Catholic University at Washington, has left Rome for Germany, where he will visit the principal seats of learning, afterward visiting the universities of Belgium and France.

THOMAS F. CRANE, Professor of Romance, Languages and Literature in Cornell University, has been asked by the French Government to act as a member of the committee who have charge of the Folk-lore Congress to be held in Paris next summer.

SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE, the only surviving brother of William E. Gladstone, died last week, aged eighty-four years. He was a man of wealth and culture, but took little active interest in public affairs, leading the dignified and comfortable life of a country gentleman.

THE resignation of Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, is said to be due to the fact that the salary of a Senator is not sufficient to warrant him in longer neglecting his private business. The Senate is in favor of making the salaries of Congressmen \$10,000 a year, instead of \$5,000, as at present.

PROFESSOR BROOKS, Director of the Smith Observatory at Geneva, N. Y., has obtained several observations of the new white region on one of Saturn's rings, and announces his discovery that the light is variable, and that pulsations of the light at irregular intervals can be detected. The evidence of a change in Saturn's system is of the highest scientific interest.

JUSTICE GRAY of the Supreme Court, who has been considered one of the most confirmed bachelors in Washington, has just surprised his associates by announcing his engagement to Miss Jennie Matthews, the second daughter of the late Justice Matthews. Justice Gray is about fifty-four years of age, and is a man of massive physique, black eyes and hair, and clean-shaven face with the exception of small side-whiskers. Miss Matthews is a young lady of rare accomplishments, and is very popular in Washington society.

SECRETARY WINDOM has appointed Mr. T. E. Byrnes, of St. Paul, to be Chief of the Appointment Division of the Treasury Department, *vice* Mr. P. E. Smith, resigned. Mr. Byrnes is President of the Republican League of Minnesota. He is a personal friend of Mr. Windom's, and will have confidential relations with him in his new capacity. The Secretary has also appointed James H. Windrim, of Philadelphia, to the position of Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. He has designed many of the most prominent buildings of the Quaker City, and his appointment is regarded as one of the best made under the new Administration.

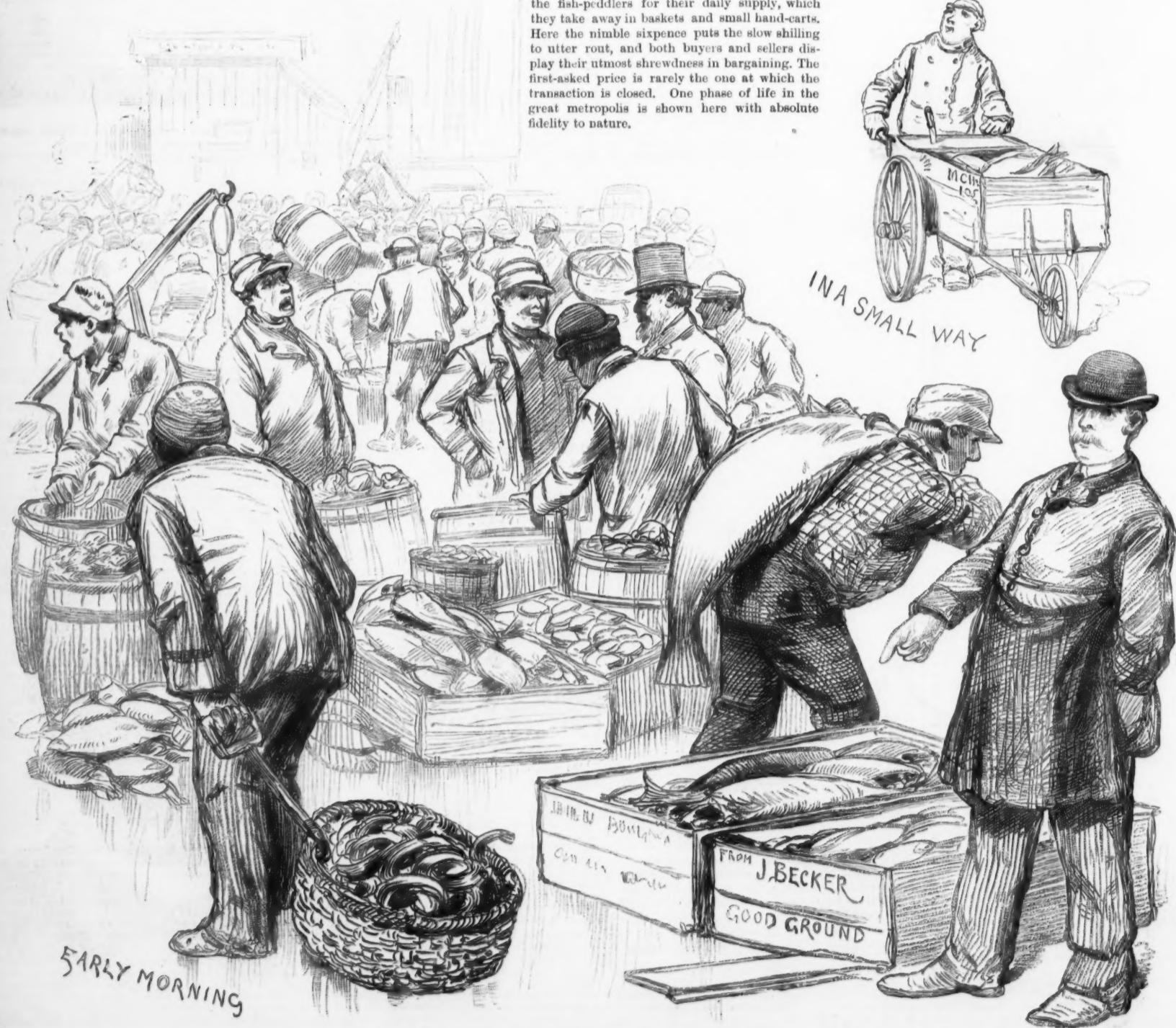
MRS. HARRISON's mail continues to grow daily. It contains, on an average, 100 letters a day, asking her aid to secure offices. All these letters are promptly and regularly filed—in the waste basket, like so much Spring poetry. Lots of cranks write to Mrs. Harrison, of course, as they do to all other people of prominence, and lots of sane people send her queer letters. Perhaps the queerest she has received was one sent to her while she was still in Indianapolis by a Western woman, requesting her when she got to Washington to do her hair up on top of her head, so that the fashion prevailing out there of doing it up on the nape of the neck might be changed—"for," the writer explained, "it is very unbecoming to me that way."

In the course of an address at the banquet in his honor, given in Brooklyn, a week or so since, General Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, roused great enthusiasm by this declaration: "I promise, and I propose to adhere to the promise, that the Navy-yards of the country during my administration shall not be asylums for the inefficient, for the incompetent and the worthless mechanic. Whether they are Republicans or Democrats, I have the right to insist, and I shall insist, that they be skillful and efficient foremen and skilful and worthy mechanics. That much I can do. That much I promise to do. And further, gentlemen, uneducated as I concede I am as to the duties of the new office, I propose to rid myself of every obstacle that shall prevent or hinder in the slightest degree my devotion of all my powers and all my abilities to the faithful discharge of the duties of that high office."

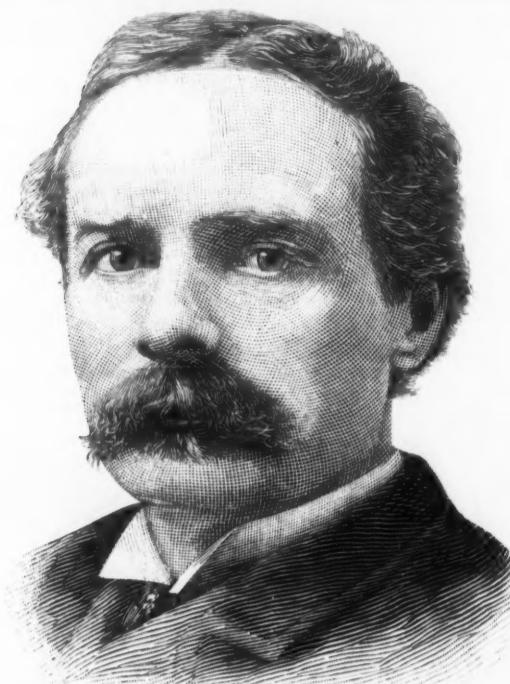
DR. C. M. CAMPBELL, the eminent London practitioner, has given his skill, experience and research to the production of a concise yet comprehensive manual on "The Skin Diseases of Infancy and Early Life," which must at once take high place in the department of professional literature to which it belongs. The work is, in its main scope, limited to the consideration of those diseases which are commonly encountered in infancy and early life. Therapeutics are considered generally under the heading of each disease, and remedies and methods of treatment are formulated systematically in the concluding chapter. Dr. Campbell's book, in short, strikes the golden mean between the ponderous and costly treatises on the one hand, and the bald and fragmentary epitomes on the other. It is published in an elegant 12mo volume of 302 pages, by Baillière, Tindall & Cox, of London, and dedicated to Patrick Heron Watson, M.D., F. R. C. S. E., etc., Surgeon to the Queen in Scotland.



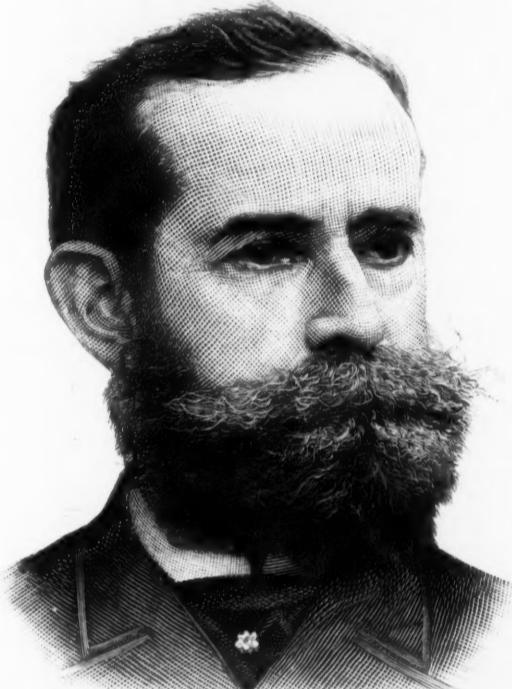
THE consumption of fish during Lent is not confined exclusively to the members of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches, but is very general among many different classes of society, for sanitary as well as religious reasons. The fish-dealer, of course, has no sentimental or religious interests to conserve; he looks entirely upon the practical side of the question. He is ready to sell fish to whoever wants to buy, and to make the buying and selling as easy and expeditious as possible. The great increase of consumption of fish in Lent demands an increase in the fish stands and markets, and consequently open-air markets and stands are devoted to this one article of diet. On this page is shown a view of an improvised open-air fish-market on South Street, near Fulton Market, where a thriving business is done and the denizens of the deep are dispensed to the throngs of buyers. Here we see the vendors of all kinds of sea-food, from the squirming eel to the mammoth halibut. Here, too, come the fish-peddlers for their daily supply, which they take away in baskets and small hand-carts. Here the nimble sixpence puts the slow shilling to utter rout, and both buyers and sellers display their utmost shrewdness in bargaining. The first-asked price is rarely the one at which the transaction is closed. One phase of life in the great metropolis is shown here with absolute fidelity to nature.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LENTEN SEASON—THE OPEN-AIR FISH-MARKET ON SOUTH STREET.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.



NEW YORK.—HON. WHITELAW REID, U. S. MINISTER TO FRANCE.
PHOTO, BY G. G. ROCKWOOD.



NEW YORK.—GENERAL CYRUS BUSSEY, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.
PHOTO, BY DE YOUNG.—SEE PAGE 127.

WHITELAW REID,
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO FRANCE.

THE selection of Whitelaw Reid, the distinguished editor of the New York *Tribune*, as United States Minister to France, has given very general satisfaction. Mr. Reid is in every way admirably qualified for the responsible and dignified position to which he has



PENNSYLVANIA.—J. LOWRIE BELL, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.
PHOTO, BY GUTEKUNST.

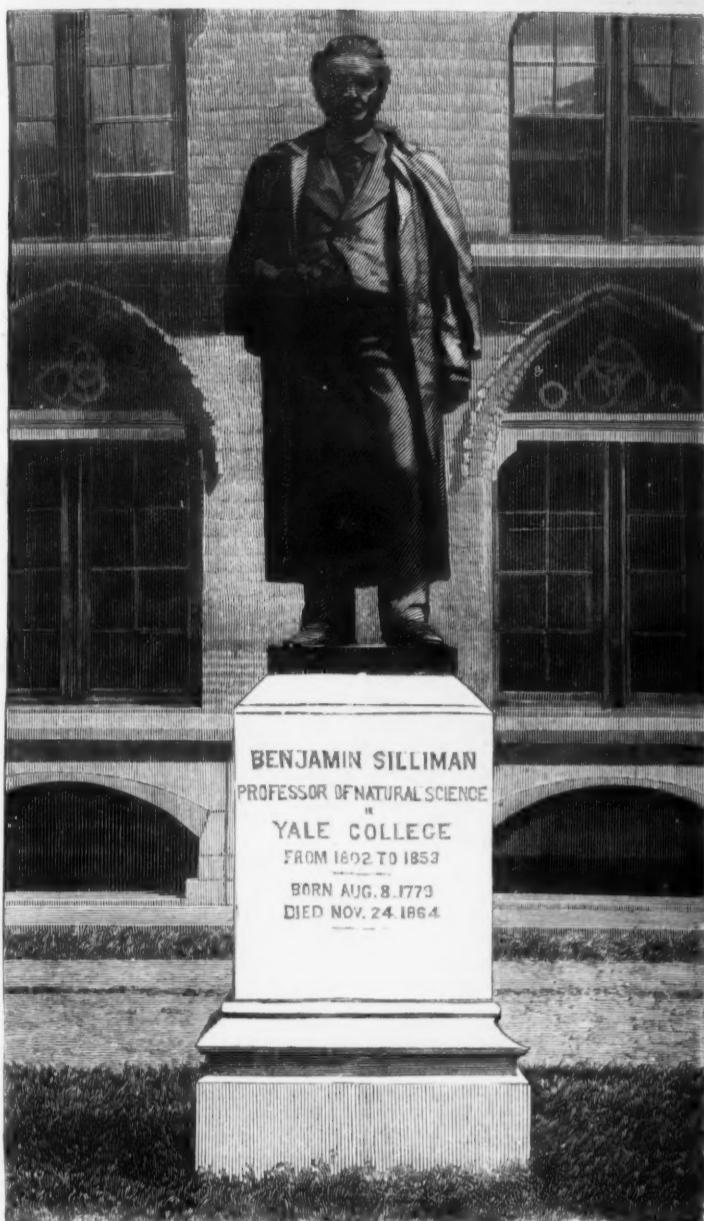
been called, and he may be expected to maintain, if, indeed, he does not advance, the high estimate of American hospitality which pervades the best circles of the French capital.

Mr. Reid is a native of Ohio, having been born at Xenia, in October, 1837. He graduated from Miami College with high honors in his eighteenth year, and entered at once upon a journalistic career by becoming editor and proprietor of the *Xenia News*. He soon went to Columbus as correspondent for the Cincinnati *Gazette* and other papers, where he attracted attention by the freshness and accuracy of his letters. When the war broke out he accompanied the Ohio soldiers to the field. Over the *nom de plume* of "Agate" he described the battles of Shiloh, Fredericksburg, Second Bull Run and Gettysburg, in an exceedingly readable and graphic style. After the war he tried his hand at working a Louisiana plantation; but he soon wearied of the enterprise, and returned North. Resuming his pen, he wrote two books, "After the War" and "Ohio in the War," and in 1868 became editor in charge of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, representing that paper in Washington during the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. Horace Greeley soon after offered him a position on the *Tribune*, which he accepted. In 1869 he became the managing editor of that journal, and editor-in-chief when Greeley became a candidate for President, in 1872. Since Greeley's death, in that year, Mr. Reid has been the responsible head of the *Tribune*, which under his management has become as prosperous as in its founder's palmiest days. In April, 1881, he married Elizabeth, daughter of D. O. Mills, the California millionaire. Since his marriage the *Tribune* has passed almost entirely into his hands and that of his wife's family. He was offered the German Mission as the successor of Bayard Taylor, in 1878, but declined it.

Mr. Reid's personal wealth is estimated at about \$1,000,000. His palatial home on Madison Avenue is connected with his newspaper-office by private telephone-wires. He spends from eleven or twelve to five or six o'clock daily at the office. After that all matters are supervised from his residence. In social life Mr. Reid's position is with the solid business men and literary circles of New York, as distinguished from the fashionable world. He is a prominent member of the Union League and of the Lotus Club, of which he has served as president.

MR. J. LOWRIE BELL,
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

J. LOWRIE BELL, the newly appointed Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, took the oath of office and entered upon the duties of his position on the 20th inst. Mr. Bell has been identified with railway business throughout his whole career. For more than thirty years he was connected with the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and for some ten years prior to his resignation, one year ago, he held the important office of general traffic manager of the company. In that position he was brought into contact with railway managers throughout the country, and his judgment and ability are held in high esteem among practical railway men. He was born at Reading, Pa., and is now somewhat over fifty years of age. He was a Lieutenant of the famous First Regiment



CONNECTICUT.—THE STATUE OF PROFESSOR BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, BROKEN AND DEFACED BY YALE STUDENTS, MARCH 18TH.
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 127.

brought in contact, and at the same time by close and assiduous application to any business confided to his charge.

COLONEL A. C. MELLETTE,
THE NEWLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF DAKOTA.

COLONEL A. C. MELLETTE, of Dakota, recently appointed Governor of Dakota until its division into two States, has been for eleven years identified with the politics of the Territory, and his appointment to the office in which he will direct the work of bringing the Territory into the Union as a State has given general satisfaction. He served in the Civil War, and at its close took up his residence in Muncie, Ind., where he practiced law, and was made Prosecuting Attorney of his judicial district. He was elected to the State House of Representatives, and while serving in that capacity is said to have laid the foundation of the public-school system in Indiana. With General Brady, Mr. Mellette entered into the newspaper business, publishing the *Muncie Times*, an influential



WEST VIRGINIA.—JOHN W. MASON, COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.
PHOTO, BY C. N. BELL.—SEE PAGE 127.

of Philadelphia, and accompanied his command to the front in the Gettysburg campaign of 1863. He has resided for a number of years in the City of Philadelphia. While he has always been an earnest Republican, he has never taken an active part in politics. Postmaster-general Wanamaker, while a director in the Reading Railroad, was brought into close personal contact with Mr. Bell, and then formed a very high estimate of his character and abilities; and it is now at the strong personal solicitation of the Postmaster-general that Mr. Bell accepts his new position. His long experience and wide familiarity with the practical details of railway administration are sufficient guarantee of the valuable service which he should be able to render as chief of a most important, if not the most important, administrative bureau in the national postal service. Mr. Bell's personal characteristics are marked by universal courtesy and consideration toward those with whom he is



DAKOTA.—COLONEL ARTHUR C. MELLETTE, GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY.
PHOTO, BY BELL.

Republican paper. In 1878 he was appointed Register of the General Land Office at Springfield, Dakota, and afterward removed to Watertown, his present home. He is forty-four years of age.

FUN.

The proper repast to be served after a card-party
—A game supper.

In all kinds and degrees of sprains SALVATION OIL, with rest, will effect a speedy cure.
Of 60,000,000 American population, it is said, one-third use DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

WITH APOLOGIES TO POPE.

"THEN know thyself, presume not God to scan—
The proper study of mankind is man."
Place the soft touch upon the pulsing wrist,
Or at the breast unto its throbbings list.
Note thou the crimson tide in ebb and flow,
Now quick in heat and now in languor slow.
See vigor more with its impatient stride,
Or being faint, as swells or sinks its tide.
Consider then, the air we breathe is rife
With ill or ailment of throbbing life,
With food or poison charged, to turn the blood
A boanteous flow or an infectious flood.
But bland and mollient to the sharp distress
Is Nature's breath in magnetized excess.
All prurient clog and obstacle to purge,
With blessings come—with weaknesses emerge.
Sweet, transient guest, the lungs one moment hold,
To bring a glow, depart with choking cold,
To urge new vigor, thrill with rare content,
Gracious, restoring, curing ailment.
Revive the weak with animation warm,
Treatment by inhalation acts a charm.

Witness the following:

"FORT WORTH, TEXAS, NOV. 2, 1885.
"I regard your treatment by inhalation as a wonderful discovery of science."
"Rev. A. A. JOHNSON, Pres. Wesleyan College."

"SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 13, 1888.
"Compound Oxygen did so much for me."
"F. C. JOSLYN."

"UTICA, MISS., July 18, 1888.
"I most cordially recommend your Home Treatment.
"MRS. THOS. H. LEWIS."

"JAMESTOWN, N. Y., June 30, 1888.
"Compound Oxygen has benefited me.
"No. 33 Main St." WM. H. PROUDFIT."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. JASON—"I believe every man wants his first child to be a son. Father often said he was sorry I wasn't born a boy." Mr. Jason—"So am I."

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

USE ANGOSTURA BITTERS to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER.
19, Faub. St. Honore, Paris.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspepsia and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. **B. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.**

AMERICAN CYCLES
ALL STYLES & PRICES
64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
ON APPLICATION
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

HINDERCORN'S.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stop all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Use at Druggists. **HIBBOK & CO., N.Y.**

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The best of all remedies for inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and \$1.00, at Druggists.

FACIAL BLEMISHES
The largest Establishment in the world for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Sunburned Hair, Birthmarks, Moles, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Scars, Pittings, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.
JOHN H. WOODBURY
DERMATOLOGIST.
210 West 42d St., New York City, N. Y.
Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. By Mail, 50 cts.



Infantile Skin and Scalp Diseases

I HAVE USED the CUTICURA REMEDIES successfully for my baby, who was afflicted with eczema, and had such intense itching that he got no rest day or night. The itching is gone, and my baby is cured, and is now a healthy, rosy-cheeked boy.

MARY KELLERMANN, Beloit, Kan.

We have used your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and find them worthy the claim you make for them. In fact, they cannot be too highly recommended. Our little girl had the eczema, and suffered intensely for one winter, and, although under the care of a skilled physician, he could afford her no relief, but by the use of your CUTICURA REMEDIES she was speedily cured. We will not be without them.

B. A. MANLEY, Milo, Iowa.

Y BOY, aged nine years, has been troubled all his life with a very bad humor, which appeared all over his body in small red blotches, with a dry white scab on them. Last year he was worse than ever, being covered with scabs from the top of his head to his feet, and continually growing worse, although he had been treated by two physicians. As a last resort, I determined to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and am happy to say they did all that I could wish. Using them according to directions, the humor rapidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and smooth, and performing a thorough cure. The CUTICURA REMEDIES are all you claim for them. They are worth their weight in gold to any one troubled as my boy was.

GEO. F. LEAVITT, No. Andover, Mass.

Cuticura Remedies

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin and scalp and restoring the hair of children and infants and destroying the germs of scrofula and all hereditary humors, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching, burning, and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot, or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT,

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Ciddness, Fullness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.—"Worth a guinea a box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER; they ACT LIKE MAGIC—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal Street, New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your druggist does not keep them),

WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX. But inquire first.

[Mention this paper.]

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

10 CENTS pays for plain directions to enable ladies and gentlemen who have the derived afflictions of an array of the opposite sex to obtain relief. The lozenges are made of the finest materials and containing that all may be married irrespective of age, appearance, or position. The most delicate and bold hearted are alike subject to its influence, while the most timid and bashful are equally safe. Address to E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris, France.

Golden Hair Wash
This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

THE CLYDE STEAMSHIP CO.

New York, Charleston and Florida Lines.

Steamers are appointed to sail from Pier 29, East River, N. Y., at 3 P.M., as follows:

For JACKSONVILLE, FLA., every TUESDAY direct; every FRIDAY, calling at Charleston, S. C.

For CHARLESTON, S. C., every Tues. and Friday.

For FERNANDINA, FLA., every Tuesday, calling at Charleston.

NORTH-BOUND steamers are appointed to sail as per schedule in local papers.

From JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Thurs. & Sundays.

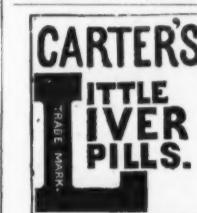
From FERNANDINA, FLA., Sundays.

From CHARLESTON, S. C., Mon., Tues. & Fridays.

The fleet is composed of the following elegant steamers: IROQUOIS (new), CHEROKEE, SEMINOLE, YEMASSEE and DELAWARE.

This is the only line of steamers running through to JACKSONVILLE, FLA., without change.

For further information apply to W. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents, 35 Broadway, New York; 12 South Wharves, Philadelphia, Pa. THEO. G. EGER, Traffic Manager, 35 Broadw., N. Y.

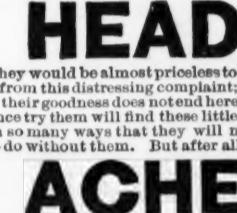


CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured



Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

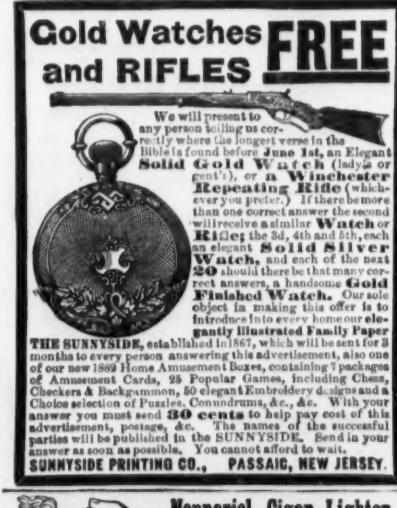
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

LADY Agents \$10 a day sure; new rubber under-garment. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS

200 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old-established and Reliable Publishing House! THE LADY'S WORLD is a monthly 16-page, 64 column illustrated paper for the home and the family circle. It is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancy work, artistic needlework, home decoration, housekeeping, knitting, hygine, Juvenile reading, etc. It is well printed and warranted fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and paper if you are not entirely satisfied. Ours is an old-established and reliable publishing house endorsed by leading newspapers throughout the U. S. Do not be afraid to send this offer to your friends or unscrupulous persons. Write to-day—don't put it off. Six seed collections sent for 60 cents. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.



THE SUNNYSIDE, established in 1882, offers a premium to every person telling us correctly where the longest verse in the Bible is found before June 1st, an Elegant Solid Gold Watch Lady or Gentleman's Repeating Rifle (which ever you prefer). If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive a similar Watch or Rifle the 3d, 4th and 5th, each a solid silver Watch. The sunnyside will be pleased to receive answers to this advertisement, postage paid. The name of the successful parties will be published in the SUNNYSIDE. Send in your answer as soon as possible. You cannot afford to wait.

SUNNYSIDE PRINTING CO., PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY.

Nonpareil Cigar Lighter. Every Smoker wants it. Lights in wind or rain; smaller than an ordinary match box. Nickel Plated; lasts a life-time. By mail 25 cents; five for \$1.00. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. STAYER & CO., Providence, R. I.

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.



It will to a certainty cure baldness and restore weak and thin hair, making it THICK, SOFT AND GLOSSY.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

PIANOS
Are at Present
the Most
Popular.
SOHMER
PIANOS
And Preferred
by the Leading
Artists.
Nos. 149 to 155 East 14th Street, New York.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

TRADE MARK.
PREPARED FROM THE
Sanative Salts of the highly renowned Springs of the German Health Resort,
SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoeltzing, M.D.,
Member of the Royal Board of Health.

They are to be used with great benefit in all Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx and Lungs.

By their action the mucus is dissolved, quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying cough and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of

the different CATARRHS OF CONSUMPTIVES,
the Chronic Catarrhs of the STOMACH and INTESTINES,
Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Enlargement of the Liver.
and other Abdominal Complaints

requiring a mild, laxative and stimulating treatment.

DIPHTHERIA can be prevented by the use of SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES, as it has been demonstrated that the spores of the disease settle only in throats affected by WHOOPING COUGH is changed to its Catarrh and the tormenting

Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Lawyers, Teachers, and all whose avocation requires continued use of their voice, will experience gratifying relief by using these Pastilles.

The most renowned Medical Authorities recommend and prescribe them.

At the International Exhibition at Brussels the SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, SILVER MEDAL, by a jury of medical men.

For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a box.

Sole Agency for the United States,
Boden Mineral Springs Company, Limited, 15 Cedar Street, New York.



Fine-toned, most durable, and possess the only absolutely correct scale. Recommended to stand in any climate. Ask your dealer for them. Catalogue free.
LYON & HEALY, 162 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

Name on 25 New Hidden Name Cards, 75 Scrap Pictures, 1 Ring, 1 Scarf Pin and a Book of 50 Cards, all for 10c. TUTTLE BROS., North Haven, Conn.

JUST WHAT YOU REQUIRE!

DENTAL PENCIL

NEW TOILET ARTICLE

For removing all Tartar, Stains and Scurf from the Teeth thus completely arresting the progress of decay. For whitening and polishing the Teeth it has no equal. Positive in effect, safe and convenient. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Agents wanted. Ladies and gentlemen, H. L. FESLER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, 461 Broome Street, New York.

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LIMITED,
ESTABLISHED IN LONDON, 1873.

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Trustees: The Right Honorable JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.
The Right Honorable EARL BEAUCHAMP.

Bankers: Bank of England.

The Capital of the Bank and its Guarantee Fund of 50 per cent. is invested in Government Securities.

The Bank does not discount Notes or Bills, nor speculate, but loans its deposits against Government Securities, thus making the Cheque Bank Cheques EQUAL TO CASH—as Bank of England Notes are, and are cheaper than Postal Orders.

The Cheque Bank issues Cheques singly or in books, from ONE POUND upwards, for the use of Travelers, and for others remitting money to Europe, available in every town in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, in every town of Europe, and all other parts of the world.

Cheque Bank Cheques are accepted as Cash by all the British Government Offices.

VISITORS TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION this Summer can get the Cheque Bank Cheques cashed at 70 Banking Houses in Paris.

Travelers and others holding Cheque Bank Cheques can have their mail matter addressed to them, care of the Cheque Bank, London, who will take charge of the same and forward to any address.

For Hand-Book containing List of upwards of 2,000 of the principal Banking Houses throughout the World who cash the Cheque Bank Cheques, and for all information, apply to

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THE KIMROSS COLLAR.

ENTIRELY NEW.

Comfortable to Wear.

Stylish in appearance.

Its popularity assured.

Ask your Dealer for it.

Originated and made exclusively by the
GALLUP NOVELTY WORKS, TROY, N. Y.

M. CRANE,
Electrotyper and Stereotyper,
17, 19 and 21 COLLEGE PLACE, New York.



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The old-style pills! Who does not know
What agony they caused—what woe?
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